

The **BULLETIN**

OF THE
MASSACHUSETTS AUDUBON SOCIETY



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MASSACHUSETTS AUDUBON SOCIETY
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FOR THE PROTECTION OF WILD BIRDS AND MAMMALS

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OF THE
MASSACHUSETTS AUDUBON SOCIETY

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The Editor solicits the gift of articles, notes, photographs, and sketches, on the various aspects of Nature Lore, Natural Science, and Conservation of Natural Resources. If possible, articles should be typewritten, double-spaced, on one side of the paper. Photographs should be on glossy paper with data attached. The Society is a non-profit educational institution and we offer no remuneration for contributions to the *Bulletin*. The Society assumes no responsibility for the safety of manuscripts or illustrations submitted for its use.

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Cover Illustration, AMERICAN EGRET, Roger Tory Peterson.

The President's Page



The constantly increasing membership in Audubon Societies and the publicity given to Conservation by the teaching in schools, series of lectures, and continual and ever-growing output of books, together with the excellence of photographs of wildlife, often in motion, are reflected not only in the large illustrations published in *Life* and other periodicals, but the number of items that appear in the daily press and in the weeklies. An example is the notice in *Time* for September 29, 1952, of the "Vanishing Aristocrat," i.e., the Whooping Crane, of which twenty-five only are known to exist, and these return each autumn to the Aransas Refuge on the Gulf coast, of which we have had an account in recent issues of the *Bulletin* by Roger Ernst and by Miss Dorothy Snyder.

This bird is one of our tallest, standing about five feet high, easily overtopping the Great Blue Heron, the Wood Ibis, and even the Flamingo, and it has a wingspread of upwards of seven and a half feet, being exceeded by few American birds, among them being the Trumpeter Swan, White Pelican, Man-o'-War Bird, and California Condor. This last-named bird is the hero of the recent movie "Something for the Birds," which was shown at the RKO Keith's Memorial Theater in October and should be watched for when it appears in other local cinemas.

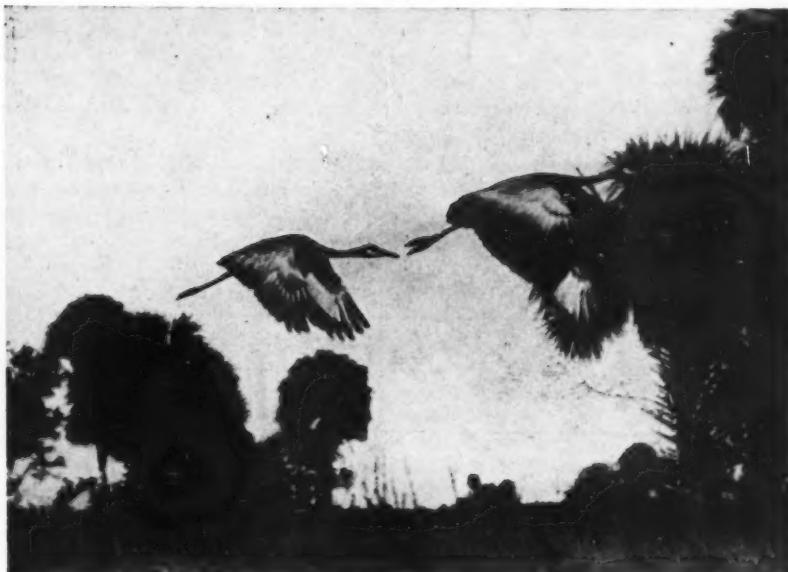
Walt Disney's three films "Beaver Valley," "Water Birds," and "Olympic Elk" attracted enthusiastic audiences by their assemblage of photographs of interesting subjects in wildlife. Perhaps the skimming, or skating, on water of the Western Grebes in their courtship display was the most sensational. There seems no doubt that among competent observers many have seen the Western Grebe on our coast in recent years, but so far as I know a specimen has not been collected. Also, so far as I know such a courtship display has not been observed of any other member of the grebe family, unless Audubon's plate of the Pied-Billed Grebe is evidence of similar conduct.

Robert Walcott

Birds of 'Glade and Key

BY R. DUDLEY ROSS

Part II



HUGO H. SCHRODER

Florida Cranes over the Kissimmee Prairie.

Mrs. Ruth Emery, my wife Vivian, and I left Homestead, Florida, on the morning of March 16, 1952, heading north on Route 27 toward the famed Tamiami Trail. There seemed to be an abundance of Florida Gallinules in the canal which ran beside the road, and we counted forty-five of these birds in a two-mile stretch. Later we counted 250 of them in an hour's run along the Tamiami Trail.

At the junction of Route 27 and the Trail we found a large slough, down which we could look for a considerable distance. It was fairly boiling with birds — both American and Snowy Egrets, Little Blues, Black-crowned Night Herons, Louisianas, Ward's Herons, Wood and White Ibises, Florida Gallinules, and Coots, while overhead floated both Black and Turkey Vultures.

Along the Tamiami Trail it took the three of us to make counts of the Coots, Florida Gallinules, and Louisiana Herons in the canal which parallels the road. Wood and White Ibises were seen every few minutes, and at one spot five Blue-gray Gnatcatchers appeared for our benefit. Stopping to look at some ibises in a field, we counted with them twenty-two Ward's Herons.

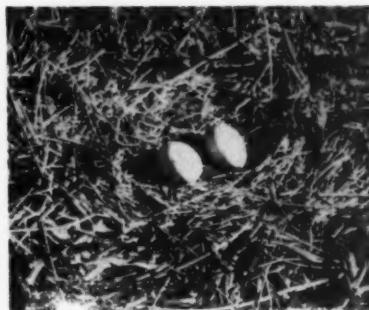
We turned north on the Immokalee Road through the Great Cypress Swamp, which we found rather disappointing because of lack of birds and the fact that you could see very little swamp. As we approached Clewiston on the south shore of Lake Okeechobee, a large bird flew across the road and lit on

a fence post. Its light under parts, long legs, reddish face, and semblance of a crest proclaimed it an Audubon's Caracara, the first of the trip and one of the birds we had wanted to see in the Okeechobee-Kissimmee region.

Reaching Clewiston, we went directly to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Merritt, as recommended in Pettingill's *A Guide to Bird Finding*, but unfortunately they were out. Clewiston was larger than we had anticipated, and it appeared foolish to wander aimlessly about hoping to find the Smooth-billed Anis we had come to see. By the time the Merritts returned it was too late in the day to find the anis, so we told them we would come back Wednesday morning, the 19th, after visiting Okeechobee, where we had a birding date with our good friend Alex Sprunt.

After a comfortable night's lodging at the Southland Hotel in Okeechobee, we started out with Alex on the 17th with high hopes, and we were not disappointed. What a day he gave us! We had gone but two or three miles when Alex bade us stop. He pointed to a pasture, and there beside the road stood a Burrowing Owl, guarding the entrance to his nesting site! We flushed the bird, which flew but a short distance and, upon alighting, went into the peculiar bowing act for which it is so famous. It then stood there on its long legs (for an owl) and regarded us solemnly. In the next pasture there were five more of these intriguing birds. At one time that day we had ten in sight all at once. As we drove along the west shore of the lake, Ward's Herons were everywhere. We counted ten Marsh Hawks, fifteen Florida Ducks, three Shovellers, and two Yellow-crowned Night Herons, saw two more Caracaras perched in a tree, and we simply lost count of the White and Glossy Ibises. Both of these last-named birds were seen in flocks in the air and also feeding in the moist fields as we passed.

We returned to Okeechobee for lunch and then started out with Alex to visit the area north of the lake — the Kissimmee Prairie. We received an unexpected treat when we heard several Loggerhead Shrikes break into song, but our real quarry was the Florida Crane. Alex took us off the highway and along a gravel road, beside which we found more Burrowing Owls, and finally we came to a stop and got out of the car. Alex had brought us to the site of a crane's nest, and after a brief look through his binocular he announced with a sigh of relief, "Yep, she's on the nest." The nest was some distance away, and, as usual, it was completely surrounded by water. Our clapping and shouting merely made the crane stretch her long neck in order to see us. It was not until I stepped into the water that she became concerned enough to stand up. This showed her great height and also the tuftlike effect of her tail feathers. As I waded out toward the nest she became more uneasy and finally flew off, calling loudly. The rolling call is a true sound of the wilderness, and a peculiar upward flick of the wings reminded us of the Limpkin's distinctive manner of flight. Arriving at the nest, I was able to take close-up pictures of the nest itself and the two large dark eggs. This was an exciting moment, as



R. DUDLEY ROSS

Eggs of Florida Crane

Alex said very few people had seen the nest of the Florida Crane; it is invariably in a remote and not very accessible place.

Shortly after leaving the crane's nesting site, we had an excellent close-up of four Ground Doves and two Florida Bob-whites, these last much smaller and darker than our northern birds.

After leaving Alex late in the afternoon, we hastened back to a high dike a few miles away and watched the evening flight of the Glossy and White Ibises to their roosting place on King's Bar, far out in the lake. The Glossies seemed to predominate, and they flew by in groups of five and ten and in larger flocks of as many as two hundred. This went on for some time. Alex told us that upon a previous occasion he had counted over twenty-three hundred Glossy Ibises flying into King's Bar, this representing practically the entire population of this species.

Next day we were scheduled to accompany Glen Chandler, the warden, on his rounds. We were after the Limpkin and the rare Everglade Kite. Unfortunately, it was a windy day and the water was rough. Although Lake Okeechobee has a surface area of over seven hundred square miles, it has an average depth of only six feet. As a result, it takes no more than a fairly fresh wind to make the water so rough as to be unsafe for a small boat such as we were in. We did see twenty Limpkins, some of them very close at hand, two Pigeon Hawks, a Forster's Tern, and quite a few Anhingas, but even this did not compensate for our disappointment in not being able to visit the haunts of the kite.

In order to avoid the rough water which had drenched us on the outward trip, Glen Chandler returned by a more devious route, through the boat trails. These "trails" have been hacked out through the tall grass and the matted water hyacinths by fishermen so as to avoid rough water when going from one part of the lake to another. They greatly resemble the fire lanes we see in the northern woods, except, of course, that you ride along them in a boat. They are fairly wide, so that you can see a great expanse of sky above, but you cannot see the horizon because of the tall grass. It was a very different kind of boat ride for us.

We returned to Okeechobee in midafternoon, and, having learned from Alex Sprunt that Miss Clara Bates of Fort Pierce had Painted Buntings at her feeders, we decided to drive there and thus make good use of our time. Miss Bates has had wintering buntings at her feeders for years, and she never fails to take great delight in showing them to her many visitors. We accompanied her to the garden and, although the birds were not there at the time, they were not long in responding to her calls, to which they have apparently become accustomed. First a beautiful male appeared, then another, then a female, until we counted six males and five females in all. The male Nonpareil is a combination of such gaudy colors as to seem unreal. The female, although not nearly so highly colored — and, in fact, so different as to seem a separate species — has, nevertheless, her own claim to distinction in that she is our only native green finch.

We left Okeechobee early on the 19th, as we were to be at the Merritts' in Clewiston about half past nine and wanted to bird on our way there. We took our last looks at the Burrowing Owls as we reluctantly continued on our way. En route we saw four Caracaras, two of them immatures. An interesting sight was that of an immature Caracara feeding on a dead animal while several

vultures stood around awaiting their turn, apparently afraid to approach the feast until the Caracara had finished. This behavior pattern is typical and has been noted by many observers.

The previous day we had learned from Glen Chandler that it was possible to go out on Lake Okeechobee from Clewiston by airboat, also that these boats were not as dependent on smooth water as smaller craft. Therefore we had telephoned Jack Merritt and asked him to be good enough to make arrangements for us to go out in an airboat. Our thought was that in this way perhaps we could visit a place frequented by the Everglade Kite and thus see this hoped-for bird in spite of our poor luck of the day before.

Arrived at the Merritts', true to her promise Mrs. Merritt dropped everything to take us to the favorite feeding place of the anis. Mr. Merritt, who had left a few moments before, came back to say he had seen some of the birds, and, sure enough, in less time than it takes to tell it, we had four Smooth-billed Anis before our eyes. In flight they are very similar to a grackle, but when at rest their profile is very different. The high ridged bill is at once noticed, and the long tail feathers hang so loosely that they appear ready to fall out. The Merritts have made a close study of these birds since they first appeared in Clewiston some years ago. This is the only colony in North America and consists of about twenty-six or twenty-eight birds. The greatest number so far seen together is ten, but groups of four to six are more usual. While the colony is holding its own, it does not appear to expand.

Mrs. Merritt then guided us to the dock where our airboat was waiting for us. An airboat is of very shallow draft, drawing but four inches of water, and this makes it possible to go right through marsh grass and literally to skim over dense growths of water hyacinths. It is driven by an airplane motor and propeller mounted at the stern. The rudder is also an airplane rudder, there being no steering device below the surface of the water. These boats can travel at fifty-five miles an hour, but at such a speed the jouncing is difficult to take, as we soon found out. The usual speed is about forty-five to fifty miles an hour. The seats are bolted to the deck, and conversation is impossible as the noise of the motor is deafening. Quite apart from the object of our quest, it was an interesting experience and was enjoyed by all.

The owner of the boat knew what we wanted and guaranteed to produce Everglade Kites for us. We went to a marsh near the west shore of the lake, about twenty-five miles away, and the skipper promptly showed us that he was thoroughly familiar with the local birds. His keen eyes spotted Anhingas and Limpkins every other minute and, finally, an adult Everglade Kite! We stayed at the marsh about an hour and in that time saw eight kites. We had an opportunity to see both the males and females and also an immature bird, as they are unusually tame and permitted a close approach, quite unlike most hawks. We also saw an unoccupied nest in an alder, not over eight to ten feet above the water.



RUTH P. EMERY

An Airboat

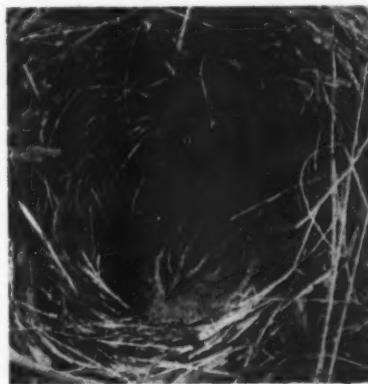
Twice we watched the birds drop down and pick up the large snails which constitute their sole article of food, take the snail to a favorite feeding place, and then extract it from the shell with their remarkably sharp and curved beak. Near each such feeding place were scores of snail shells, some of which we secured as a matter of interest. It was a thrilling experience to see this rare bird which is making its last stand in America in the Okeechobee region.

Back in Clewiston we found two more anis, and after photographing them we started for the Gulf coast. We reached Anna Maria Island, near Bradenton, in the late afternoon, and as soon as our lodgings were arranged for we went to the beach. In a very short time we found our first Cabot's Terns, and upon closely examining a large flock of birds farther along the beach we found it consisted of about one hundred Cabot's, two hundred Royal Terns, and a scattering of Laughing Gulls. We noted that the amount of yellow at the tip of the bill of the Cabot's Tern varied considerably, also that it is so pale that it is by no means as prominent a field mark as most colored plates would lead one to believe.

A few moments later we found our first Cuban Snowy Plover, so that in a matter of minutes we had found the two birds which had brought us to Florida's west coast. As there were also present a number of Wilson's Plovers and a few Piping Plovers, we were able to make an interesting comparison among the three plovers as to size, color, and length of bill.

We were awakened next morning by the call of a Chuck-will's-widow, the only one heard on the entire trip. After an early morning visit to the beach for another look at the plovers and terns, we started to cross the State on our way back to Jacksonville. We had been hoping for several days that the Pinewoods Sparrow would commence singing, and just south of Brewster we stopped to examine a beautiful cypress swamp, and while there Vivian heard the long-awaited song and called, "Pine-woods Sparrow!" We found the bird without difficulty and saw it in excellent light at close range. Before we left we heard four or five others singing their sweet, rather plaintive song. The following day we heard and saw the Bachman's (Pine-woods) Sparrow at Windy Hill Beach in South Carolina, but we could detect no difference either in appearance or song from the type.

We were soon in Jacksonville, after a last short visit to Merritt Island in passing, and our vacation was nearly over. The character of the country changed rapidly as we drove steadily northward, and we shortly left behind the land of pelicans and herons, live oaks and Spanish moss. We had seen 186 species and subspecies of birds, and we had all added appreciably to our life lists, but, more than this, we had visited a veritable fairyland of beauty and had brought back with us a thousand memories which would be with us in the years to come.



HUGO H. SCHRODER

Pinewoods Sparrow on nest



Richard Cary Curtis

1894 - 1951

BERKELEY

In Memoriam — Richard Cary Curtis

May 25, 1894 — January 20, 1951

Richard Cary Curtis, an honorary vice-president of the Massachusetts Audubon Society from 1940 to 1951, was born in Boston, May 25, 1894, the son of Charles P. Curtis and Ellen Amory Anderson, of a distinguished and socially prominent family. He was educated at Groton School and was graduated from Harvard University in 1916 and from Harvard Law School in 1921. At first he and his brother, Charles P. Curtis, Jr., practiced law together, but in 1932 they were admitted to the great firm of Choate, Hall, and Stewart. From then on Richard was primarily a lawyer and a Boston trustee of old family fortunes and accounts, still a notable and conservative profession in the best old-fashioned Bostonian tradition. In October, 1917, during World War I, he went to Officers' Training School at the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland, and thence to the United States Submarine School in New London, Connecticut, from which he was graduated first in his class and thereby became the first naval reserve officer in the United States Submarine Service. He served as lieutenant, j.g.(t), USNR, on the United States Submarines D4 and N6 until June, 1919. On August 9, 1917, he married Anita Deidamia Grosvenor in Newport, Rhode Island, and no one could have had a more faithful, loving, and devoted wife. In 1923, Richard and his father and brother and Anita went on an extended hunting trip to East and West Africa, which resulted in a book, "Hunting in Africa East and West" (with his brother, 1925), and a store of interesting recollections and anecdotes.

As the years passed, Richard went on more and more boards as director and trustee, notably with the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company, the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital (treasurer), and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts (treasurer and later vice-president). He was elected for one term to the Harvard Board of Overseers and served on the Visiting Committee of the Museum of Comparative Zoology.

Just as Richard had achieved a career of outstanding distinction in the public service, he was stricken, at the age of forty-three, with a rare and incurable disease of the blood (polycythemia) which forced him virtually to retire from active affairs and from positions which his talents and experience deservedly won, for on the ground of permanent ill health he had to avoid public gatherings for the rest of his life.

At about this time he became really interested in birds, largely through his former partner Maxwell E. Foster, and I met him for the first time on Plum Island by mere chance on a birding trip. The acquaintance thus begun rapidly ripened into a warm friendship and constant companionship. The doctors all encouraged this interest heartily, the outdoors, fresh air, exercise, and enthusiasm being regarded as highly beneficial. It did add thirteen years to his life expectancy.

First there must be some tribute to him as a man, as I can never thank him sufficiently for the example he set me. His outstanding characteristics were courage, courtesy, cheerful good humor, and modesty. As he gradually met one active birder after another, it was a real test of their perspicacity to see how long it took them to figure out Richard, socially prominent and, as his modest conversation would imply, appearing to know nothing about birds. It took time, I say, for some to realize that he was very well informed indeed

about New England birds, with a much wider field experience than they themselves possessed. He never joined any clubs or went to any meetings. One had to know him very well indeed ever to hear about his stricken condition or its consequences, and the regime fate had forced on him.

I have much to say about his ornithological competence and ability, as he wrote little and talked less. He had the intellectual competence and training to master the enormous detailed facts required, and a full appreciation of the value of exact fact and proof. He was interested in scientific theory but never embarked on or went all out for any "ism." He had another cruel handicap to overcome and accept. He had a congenital hearing defect and could not hear any bird note above the vibrations of 3500. This meant that he was almost completely blanked on the mounting song chorus of spring and almost put out of business with the warblers in May; nevertheless, warblers were his favorite birds to see. Far from being discouraged, he insisted on an early morning start and was perfectly willing to stay out late at night. He could hear owls and rails, but the Woodcock and Snipe were hopeless. I studied this defect and his method of compensation with the greatest interest. Not possessing absolute pitch myself, I could never learn what birds' notes he could and could not hear, or the effect of distance and volume. The acuity of Richard's vision was extraordinary, and he never stopped looking or trying. He couldn't hear warblers chip or sing, but he could see them flutter, and he came into his own in the fall, since his ability to find migrating flocks without our usual hearing aids was spectacular, and he could toss off the obscure juvenal and winter plumages with the best experts. But year after year it would be fall and Richard would be "down" birds like the Creeper, Golden-crowned Kinglet, and Pine Warbler on his year's list, as he just had to see them, an exceedingly difficult thing in spring near Boston, where they are relatively uncommon. It took enormous effort and patience for him ever to see obscure birds, such as Henslow's and Grasshopper Sparrows and both Marsh Wrens, really well.

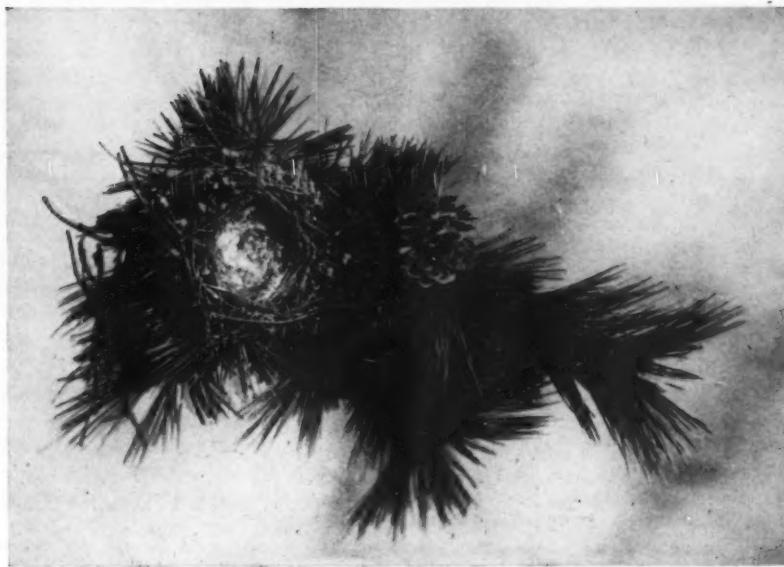
As his interest grew, Richard and Anita went frequently to Cape Cod. He loved a sea trip, even in cold and rugged weather, and was especially keen about the shore birds. A sensitivity to poison ivy forced him to give up the fun of beating the thickets for land bird migrants on Monomoy, as he could not risk the danger of infection. He enjoyed spring trips to the Connecticut Valley and the Berkshires. In later years Richard and Anita went to Florida in the winter, to the marshes near New Orleans, and to Europe, visiting the famous water bird colonies in Holland and Denmark, and enjoying watching the Skylark in the fields of Denmark, thus adding substantially to Richard's life list. For years we had a happy arrangement during migration time. I would call him in the evening whenever I thought conditions were propitious for a flight, and usually Richard was ready and willing. Occasionally I would find a great wave at Nahant, call his office, and he would manage to get there in time to cash in on it. Perhaps his favorite locality for picnic lunches was the Proctor Estate. I know he would have rejoiced that the best part of it is now happily preserved as our Ipswich River Wildlife Sanctuary.

Ah's me! He and I had lots of fun together; one of the finest, most courageous gentlemen I have ever known.

LUDLOW GRISCOM

Red Crossbills

By DOROTHY E. SNYDER



PEABODY MUSEUM, SALEM

Nest of Red Crossbill, Gloucester, 1952.

For the first time in North America, so far as an extensive search of published records show, the nesting of that erratic wanderer the Red Crossbill, *Loxia curvirostra*, has been observed throughout the nidification and raising of the young. During the winter of 1951-52 flocks varying in size and composition had been seen by many observers at Eastern Point, Gloucester. On December 19, when I first found four feeding on a large crop of cones on black pines, *Pinus Thunbergii*, at Clarence Birdseye's, these included at least one bird which appeared to be a Newfoundland Crossbill, *L. c. pusilla* Gloger; others supposed to be of this species were watched by several observers at the end of the month. After January 1, 1952, flocks containing as many as fourteen birds were noted; all of which were thought to be *L. c. neogaea* Griscom.

On March 2, Ludlow Griscom saw a female Red Crossbill carrying nesting material and heard a male singing at Shoal Waters on another part of Eastern Point. This estate of the Roscoe H. Priors has a large planting of black pine of some ninety odd trees. Here, on March 4, I found a male singing a fine song, reminiscent of a Brown Thrasher's and consisting of "an ascending series of double notes" (Pough). For twenty minutes this continued, until I saw a female fly to a half-built nest in a small pine just across the road and near the stone wall which surrounds Shoal Waters.

From that date through March 13 the crossbills were watched as the female worked on the nest, with the male in close attendance. She brought

feathers on two occasions, while on another she tugged vigorously at a dead twig on a privet and finally flew to the nest with a six-inch piece. During one of the rare sunny days of the nesting period, a courting flight was seen, when the pair circled high over the pine grove and the adjoining estate, calling as they flew and silhouetted against a brilliant blue sky.

A view of the nest could be obtained through a B & L telescope mounted on my car, parked at one particular point across the road, and with the 35X lens nesting activities could be watched in detail. Since most nesting accounts end abruptly with some such statement as "nest destroyed" or "nest empty on next visit," it was decided to make only those observations consistent with successful raising of the young.

On March 18 the female was first seen on the nest for a considerable period at noon and undoubtedly laid an egg. On March 20 this procedure was repeated; no doubt the third egg was deposited on that date, and incubation began on the next day. During these hour or more periods on the nest the male was watched feeding his mate, which he had also done during the nest building. Never far from her side during nidification, he was also most attentive during incubation and took his full share in the feeding of the young.

On March 27 I first set up a stepladder and through a mirror wired to a twelve-foot pole looked at the eggs. There were three, blue-green and lightly spotted with reddish brown; a thrilling sight to me as being both my first crossbill eggs and such rarities. From that date through April 1 there was no change in the steady incubation of the female, the male feeding her on the nest. When she was motionless, with head turned away from the scope, it was often impossible to tell whether she was on the nest, so perfectly did her olive-green plumage match the pine needles. The nest itself was saddled in a heavy growth of needles, partly surrounded by a bunch of six cones, and so well concealed that it defied discovery except during its building or when the young were being fed.

On April 2 no visit was made, but on the next day the female's actions indicated that the young had hatched, just fourteen days after incubation was judged to have started. On the 3rd the male was watched feeding the female on the nest as usual; a few minutes later she regurgitated the same soft white "pablum" to unseen objects below. On April 4 I climbed up and looked through the mirror at the still-naked young, so weak at this date that they did not raise their heads during my observation. For the next five days the female was seldom off the nest; the weather was inclement and she brooded the young continuously. When she faced away from the car and her tail alone was visible, only some slight movement betrayed the fact that she was on the nest.

The difficulties of looking at the young while perched on a ladder and holding a long pole with a mirror wired to one end were increased by the fearlessness of the sitting bird. Either I must poke her gently with one end of the slender stick or tie to it some soft object (the rubber ends of an eyeglass cord, for instance) and tickle her with these until she squawked indignantly and moved a foot or two away.

Other birds visited the pine grove during these weeks: Red-breasted Nuthatches tooted as they fed on cones; Chickadees, Robins, Song Sparrows, Juncos, and Cowbirds appeared. On April 1 six Golden-crowned Kinglets, all females, fed in the pines. Occasionally a Brown Creeper crept among the vines

covering the stone wall, while on April 10 my first Ruby-crowned Kinglet of the season sang near by. Herring and Black-backed Gulls flew overhead in a never-ending stream, no doubt on their way to a fresh-water bath in Niles Pond. On April 17 there were signs of a migration even to one with my restricted outlook. Cormorants and American Mergansers flew over, while the harsh double note of the Rough-winged Swallow called attention to a passing bird of this species until a half dozen had been seen.

So many hours of observation, forty-one and a quarter during twenty-five visits on twenty days, permitted a good study of crossbill calls and notes. The full, rich song of the male was never, to my regret, heard after the first visit. Both birds signalled their approach by *pip-pips*, and whether working on the nest or feeding near by they kept up a constant calling and chattering. Sometimes the syllables *pit-pit* or *whit-whit* seemed to render these calls more truly. The female, when first incubating, twittered almost constantly for as much as an hour at a time. Later on, when the pair came in together to feed the young, the louder, deeper tone of the female could be distinguished from the somewhat higher, sweeter notes of the male. Toward the end of the nesting period he gave many *z-z-z-z-t* notes, harsh and rasping. On one occasion he sang *whit-whit, tor-ree, tor-ree* and *whit-wheel, or wheet, wheet, wheet*.

From the sixth day on both parents fed the nestlings at intervals varying from twenty-five minutes to an hour. They almost invariably appeared together, piping; then the male went directly to the nest where he fed the young a soft white "pap" which could be seen dribbling down into their mouths. The female waited on a twig just above and to the right of the nest until he left, when she repeated this feeding procedure. Both took excreta pellets from the young, apparently swallowing them, since the female was seen to settle down and brood immediately after accepting one or more of these white objects.

Dangers to a successful nesting — provided the secret could be kept so that there would not be a constant stream of visiting birders — appeared to consist of the crows and gulls which flew over and the squirrels which fed in the grove. The Roscoe Priors co-operated in every way to protect the birds, even to delaying for a month some needed spraying of the trees. Storms, such as the gale of April 6, 1949, which had brought down the Red Crossbill nest found on Andrews Point that year, were another hazard. The worst of these was on April 5, when the wind reached force 8 (to 46 mph). The nest, saddled close to the trunk of the pine, and well protected by other trees in the grove, survived unharmed.

By April 15 the heads of the three young could be seen above the rim of the nest when they were fed. The previously well-concealed nest was now more in evidence, due to the white droppings on the outside and on the surrounding pine needles. On this date it was noticed that the "pablum" fed the young was thicker and drier-looking than at earlier periods. The young were still quiet on the nest, however, and were never seen perched on the rim nor exercising their wings. On April 16 I watched the nest from 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., listened to the usual crossbill notes denoting the arrival of the parents, and saw the young fed many times; there was no variation from the usual nesting activity.

At noon on the 17th there was a decided change; crossbills were heard calling back of the nest tree, and the male sang an odd song: *whit whit, z-z-z-z-t, z-z-z-z-t*. He also sang *pit pit, tor-ree* several times. But no birds, either young or old, could be seen at the nest, though both adults were noted in a small

pine at the rear of the yard. These were all new actions, and puzzling, so on returning after school with Jeffrey Thomas and finding no signs of life around the nest, I climbed up and found it — EMPTY! No doubt the young had been in the small tree in back and were fed there during my noon visit.

For an hour and a half we searched the grove without finding any signs of young birds, though the parents could be heard calling near by. Having obtained permission, we sawed off the small limb on which the nest was saddled and took it for the Peabody Museum collection. The outside was almost entirely composed of spruce twigs; the inside of dried grasses and weed stalks, with a few feathers added. It was surrounded by a luxurious growth of pine needles and a half dozen new cones.

Finally, at five o'clock in the afternoon, I spied one young in the driveway below and caught it easily enough. The parents flew around within a few feet of me, the male approaching within arm's length and calling vigorously. This nestling was grayish olive in color, with darker stripes on head and body, and a brighter yellow-green noticeable on the rump. The heavy finch bill had hardly begun to show signs of crossing. The primaries were just emerging from the quills, and the nestling could fly only a short distance.

On the next day, April 18, I left for a birding trip in Arizona, but Jeff searched the grove carefully for crossbills without seeing any young. He watched the adults fly into a large and heavily-needed pine, where he suspected they might be feeding the juvenals. On the two succeeding days he spent many hours in a vain search. And so ends the tale of the Eastern Point nesting of the Red Crossbills.

The Coast Guard station at Eastern Point furnished weather data for the entire period. From their figures it is estimated that the average wind velocity during the nesting time was better than 20 mph, the highest wind being force 8. The average temperature was approximately 38 degrees; descending to 17 one night and being below freezing on nine occasions. It never rose above 51 degrees and there was comparatively little sunshine.

Considerable research reveals no other nesting of the Red Crossbill in North America which was observed throughout, most of the accounts read being only fragmentary. In Massachusetts, where its nesting has been suspected a number of times, usually on rather slight evidence, nests have actually been found only four times. These findings date from August "about 1875," when Charles Maynard recorded a nest collected by a Will Perham in Tyngsboro, and then jump to April 22, 1917, when two boys, Lovell Thompson and Charles F. Walcott, found a female Red Crossbill on a nest in Marblehead. On their next visit, a month later, the nest was empty and the boys took their find to William Brewster. Two decades later Martin Curtler and I found a partially built nest of the species at Andrews Point on March 17, 1949. The female added material to this in rather a desultory fashion during the rest of the month; not until April 6 was she seen on her nest by the owner of the property, Mrs. Harold Dole. On this date the nest was blown down in a bad gale and, with fragments of the eggs, recovered for the Peabody Museum collection. The story above concerns the fourth nest found in the State.

From my experience, it seems that the nest of the Red Crossbill should be sought, not in the Berkshires, where indeed it has never been found, nor among the abundant pitch pine woods on Cape Cod, but in Essex County, which has thus far produced three quarters of the Massachusetts nesting records!

"SO MUCH FOR SO LITTLE"

For "All Your Kin and Folk"

As the holiday season draws near we venture again to suggest to our members that they check over their Christmas lists for family and friends and see if there may not be one, two, or perhaps several to whom a year's membership in the Massachusetts Audubon Society would make an ideal gift at an extremely modest price. We recommend it as a dignified and happy choice for any who love life in the open and appreciate the fascinating world of nature. For some it might open up an entirely new sphere of interest or activity, such as attracting birds about the home, joining field trips and making new friends, or perhaps developing a natural history hobby that would result in a lifetime of pleasure. Of course readers of the *Bulletin* need not be reminded of the recreational and educational features of our magazine for members. And so we say, consider the possibilities.

"And all your kin folk
That dwell both far and near;
We wish you a Merry Christmas
And a Happy New Year." (Old English Carol)

We welcome the following new members this month and thank warmly the loyal supporters whose names are starred in the list below.

Life Member

**Kling, Mrs. Amy C.,
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Contributing Members

**Camp Romaca for Girls
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Clapp, Theodore L., West Newton
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Eva S., Czechoslovakia
Evans, J. Harvey, Lexington
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Gebhardt, Mrs. Fred, Jr.,
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Harris, Billups, Ocean Spring, Miss.	
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Haviland, Mrs. Winthrop,	Oleson, G. O., Amherst
	Packard, Mrs. Winthrop, Canton
Hartford, Conn.	Pattison, Mrs. Fred, Quebec, Canada
Howland, John, Quincy	Pearson, Mrs. Paul E., West Roxbury
Jackson, Dr. Lee, Boston	Pease, Mrs. Herbert, New Britain, Conn.
Johnson, W. J., Quebec, Canada	Peters, Mrs. J. Frank, Ventnor, N. J.
Johnston, Mrs. Robert, South Hanson	Rankin, Mrs. Joseph L., Milton
Kendall, Robert B., Southampton	Rowe, Mrs. R. B., Natick
Kirby, Mrs. F. M., New Bedford	Spencer, Miss Vickery Dunton, Hingham
Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Donald N., Weston	Stanley, Mrs. Talcott, West Hartford, Conn.
Langford, A. N., Quebec, Canada	Stout, Mrs. John D., Jr., Bloomfield, Conn.
LeBaron, Miss Emily, Quebec, Canada	Tarr, G. Irving, Beverly
LeBaron, F. G., Quebec, Canada	Tattersall, Mrs. Roger, Swansea
Lehmann, Mrs. Paul W., Dublin, N. H.	Thomas, C. Frank, Fairview Village, Pa.
Lorber, Robert P., Monson	Tower, Miss Helen, Boston
Mansfield, William T., Lexington	Walker, Mrs. R. D., Newton
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Meacham, Mrs. Edward J., Cotuit	
Newton, Mrs. Philip C., West Roxbury	

More Notes on Peter and Moses

BY ADA CLAPHAM GOVAN

This summer I almost lost Peter, one of my pet Rose-breasted Grosbeaks. The only conclusion I have been able to come to is that Peter almost sang himself to death. With less than four weeks out, for a partial moult, Peter has sung *every day for fourteen months*. I think the heat was hard on him, too, for he had two falls. During those fourteen months, he had ruled the roost and Moses, my other Rosebreast, had gone around like a dog with his tail between his legs — *and not a peep out of him* till the day Peter almost died. Then I heard strange sounds coming from the lavatory and I found Moses perched in there on his hook, practicing. You know it takes that fellow about three weeks of "practice" before he comes into full voice, and during that time, while he is getting warmed up, he wants to be alone. He seems ashamed of the rusty notes that day by day grow sweeter and louder — and more endurable both to himself and to me.

What a strange little fellow! Don't tell me a bird's heart doesn't ache from jealousy. Peter got pneumonia, he was so worn out, and he gasped so loudly it nearly finished me too. I held the old fellow two whole nights — he shook and he burned and he only wanted orange juice. He was moulting besides, and that took his strength. He looks a hundred years old, but I think he is going to be all right. He is so frail, but two days ago he squealed at Moses and ran him off the perch where Peter likes to sit and that Moses had decided *he* could now take for himself — and Moses hasn't done one moment of practicing since! Believe it or not! He hasn't tried to sit on Peter's perch again, either, nor has he gone into Peter's private cage to drink from Peter's water cup. During Peter's illness he did that several times each day. Moses didn't *want* the water. It was his way of thumbing his nose at Peter.

Nature's Calendar—December

BY RICHARD HEADSTROM

Although winter does not arrive officially until the twenty-first of the month, there are years when the first of December brings us weather that we normally associate with January and February. Then there are years when December is mild and almost springlike and when we do not have our first snowfall until after the holidays. But whatever the weather may be that December brings us, plants and animals have long since made their preparations for the winter season and are quite indifferent as to when it comes.

Trees and shrubs, for instance, protect their tender buds against the cold and excessive moisture with thick scales and waxy resinous substances or exudations, and against sudden changes of temperature by lining them with down and wool. Some biennial plants, such as the mullein, have developed woolly leaves so that tender rosettes may survive to send up flower stalks the second spring. And the reason why berries of various trees and shrubs remain on the branches well into winter may be an adaption to prevent the embryos from being killed by the frosts and rains of autumn were they to fall at that time.

The adjustments which animals make, however, to meet the exigencies of winter are more varied and often quite ingenious. The Ruffed Grouse, as an example, grows fringes of sharp points on his toes to serve as snowshoes, so he can run more easily over the snow in search of berries, and the Varying Hare grows long stiff hairs along the margins of his feet to serve the same purpose. The color changes of the hare and weasel are also adaptations for survival, for the almost complete white of their winter coats blends with the snowy background and renders them practically invisible. A more prosaic adjustment is the winter underwear in the form of very dense short hairs that sprout among the roots of the longer and true fur put on by animals that remain active and abroad. Our winter birds are also protected in a similar manner, for their winter plumage, duller and therefore less conspicuous, is denser and more interlocked than that which follows the spring molt.

Invertebrates, too, are not without winter protection of some kind. The eggs and spiderlings of many spiders are enclosed within sacs which, though seemingly flimsy structures, are, nevertheless, elaborately and carefully made. Then there are the chrysalids and dense cocoons of butterflies and moths, which to secure added protection are often spun in sheltered places, and the various galls that serve as winter homes for their makers. Many insects, of course, escape the cold by merely burrowing into the ground or into the bark of trees and shrubs, or by crawling down between woolly leaves, as those of the mullein, while others, like the woolly aphids, throw thick warm coverings around themselves.

Although the vast majority of animals to be found throughout the summer months in fields and woods, along the roadsides, in thickets and hidden nooks, in brooks and streams, and in inland waters have sought winter quarters or otherwise become dormant, the outdoors is by no means a scene of desolation and entirely devoid of life, for deer wander about, seeking fresh feeding grounds; weasels, foxes, minks, and other carnivores hunt for prey in the silent woods; and deer mice and meadow mice scamper along their pathways or in the open snow to feed on the blanched shoots of grasses, even as their

larger relatives the Muskrats forage for submerged roots and stalks of lilies, cattails, and other water plants. Occasionally a cricket may make a lonesome call from the lee of a fence or ledge if a day is warm, and sometimes caddis worms may be seen crawling over the bottom of a pond or stream. But insects, of course, are noticeably absent, yet chickadees, nuthatches, and woodpeckers search them out of hiding in the scarlet fruits of sumacs or beneath the bark of trees and shrubs. Other birds, too, enliven the winter scene: in a wind-swept field Goldfinches and Tree Sparrows may be found picking the seeds from withered stalks, and in alder thickets one may often come across Pine Siskins and Redpolls; more often Purple Finches are to be seen gorging themselves on the blue berries of a cedar in a pasture or upland slope. Crows, too, may be observed flying to and fro between their feeding and roosting places, shattering the silence of a winter morning with their calls, but less noisy are the Screech Owls as they serve their useful purpose in the quiet of the night. And elsewhere, along the seacoast Horned Larks in merry companies run along the beach and Buffle-heads play in the surf.

If December outdoors does not offer the splendid panorama of other months, it is not entirely without interest. Nor does it present the bleak and barren prospect so many envisage. Follow any woodland trail and you will find rising above the snow-covered rocks of some ledge the graceful green crowns of the woodfern that you may have passed by in a more leafy month; you will find, too, if you search, the velvet-stemmed *Collybia* on mossy stumps; and everywhere on the forest floor are checkerberries and partridgeberries and club mosses to relieve the monotony of white. Even along the coast all is not cheerless, for the bright, glossy evergreen leaves and the shining black berries of the inkberry provide a touch of unexpected beauty on the sandy shore line.

New Member of Our Teaching Staff

The twenty-three Audubon classes in the Lowell city schools formerly conducted by Miss Katharine Tousey, now on a year's leave of absence in Europe, have been taken over by John Otis Gates, Harvard '51. Mr. Gates is a native of Syracuse, New York, and there he received his early education. Living in the country, however, developed a strong interest in nature study, as did his association with the Boy Scout movement. During the summer of 1952 he served as nature counselor at a boys' camp in Maine.

Mr. Gates enjoys classical music, particularly Bach, is fond of hiking and skiing, and he hopes to develop skill in 35 mm. color photography.



Notes from Our Sanctuaries

COOK'S CANYON. Woodies! Dozens of them! Startled into flight as they rested on the pond or fed beside the brook, they were a spectacular sight for many of our October visitors. The fact that the pond had a heavy growth of duckweed may have encouraged the Wood Ducks to congregate and feed in this not very secluded area. Throughout the middle of October an average of forty Wood Ducks were present at the Sanctuary and several times were observed feeding on acorns by Davis Crompton. Their numbers certainly were in marked contrast to the reports which we hear from the rest of the State. Other thrilling moments during the month included the day when one of our visitors glimpsed two fine buck White-tailed Deer on the road through the pines, and the day when it was discovered that our Porcupine den was once again inhabited.

White-crowned and White-throated Sparrows were present throughout the middle of the month, but the Juncos, because of their numbers, were the most appreciated. It seemed as if everywhere you turned there were Juncos feeding beneath the shrubbery. "Cowbirds, a big flock," were delightedly reported by the director's four-year-old daughter. At last he left his work and went to view them — not with equal delight, however, for there they were, sixty or more of them, feeding on a newly seeded lawn. Toward the end of the month, a Robin was noticed hopping about in our thornless multiflora rose, which was heavily fruited, and he was observed for several minutes devouring berry after berry.

On October 15 Mrs. James Nields was hostess to the Sanctuary Advisory Committee, of which she is chairman, at a dinner party in the new dining hall in honor of their vice-chairman, Levon Yacubian, who devoted much time and effort to the planning and construction of this new building. Executive Director C. Russell Mason spoke on this occasion of the Society's aims and endeavors. New members of the Advisory Committee are Lawrence B. Chapman, Princeton; Mrs. Benjamin B. Follett, Barre; Bradley B. Gilman, Worcester; Mrs. Edward H. Knowlton, Southbridge; Carl Peterson, Petersham; and J. Alfred Taylor, Barre.

LEON A. P. MAGEE

MOOSE HILL. Among the fall birds present in greatest numbers on Moose Hill during the past weeks were the White-throated Sparrows, Juncos, Purple Finches, and Chickadees. Numerous enough to attract considerable attention as they garnered ripening fruits and seeds were scores of Robins, Towhees, Jays, and Goldfinches. Not an uncommon delight to the listening ear was the soft warble of tardily migrating Bluebirds and the lisping of Kinglets flitting among the conifers. As the month came to a close a few Myrtle Warblers were still being observed along the trails. On several occasions we received strong premonitions of the colder weather that lies ahead when sizable flocks of Canada Geese were sighted winging their way southward high over the forested hills.

If the enthusiastic comments of the many Moose Hill visitors is to be regarded as any kind of a criterion, it would seem safe to say that this month's foliage display from both the standpoint of length of duration and brilliancy of color was one of the best in years. The chemical changes that annually precipitate this inspiring phenomenon of color are involved and complex, but the impact on the eye of the beholder is such that not a single individual is left unmoved. It is a time when every one is filled with a strong desire to

translate and perpetuate such overwhelming but transient beauty through the media of color film or canvas or verse. Between the early leaf fall of the elms and butternuts and the late lingering of the tenacious oaks and kindred beeches, the brightest color masses in the landscape were those provided by the maples, ashes, and aspens.

For the birds and mammals whose dietary preferences lean toward fall fruits and berries there appeared to be no dearth of food. The burnished red berries surmounting the rich foliage of the flowering dogwood did not long evade discovery by a multitude of avian appetites. Somewhat less colorful but equally palatable were the fruits of the arrowwood, the black haw, and the Carolina buckthorn. Both the white and black oak varieties were heavily laden with acorns, and the native beeches likewise bore nuts in abundance. On many of the white pines this was the first time they were observed to bear cones in such great numbers. Rating high in decorative value but of limited utility to wildlife were the orange-yellow seeds and capsules of the climbing bittersweet that has become all too uncommon in recent years under the pressure of quantitative collecting.

One of the most enchanting bits of woodland beauty to greet the observant October trail-hiker was the dainty yellow blossoms of that most unconventional of our native shrubs, the fall-flowering witch hazel. Along the Evergreen and Nature Trails it grows in considerable profusion. The crinkled, ribbonlike petals and the woody capsules with their explosive contents, both closely affixed to sweeping, angular branches, displayed a grace and airiness strongly suggestive of the Oriental — a truly unique member of our New England flora.

A recent improvement that adds much to the dependability of our water supply is the extension of the Sharon town water mains to the residential headquarters. A previous petition to the local water commission was granted and final work on the project completed last month. This extension, along with the placement of a hydrant within a few feet of the residence, greatly reduces the fire hazard of the Society's Moose Hill properties.

At this writing the serious condition of the forests has necessitated the closing of all woodlands and trails, including the Moose Hill area, by governor's proclamation. The tinder-dry duff of the forest floor has been a very serious threat to the safety of all forms of life and one that we hope will soon be relieved by long overdue rains. We consider ourselves especially fortunate in being located in such close proximity to the fire tower station that overlooks the Sanctuary woodlands.

ALBERT W. BUSSEWITZ

IPSWICH RIVER. During the early October nights, atmospheric conditions often cause dense ground fogs in patches about the countryside. It is not difficult to understand why the late seventeenth century period in this county was steeped in witchcraft. On such a night, darkness hid all from view and only by touch could I find my way from house to barn. The sound of the door as I slid it back did not dispel the feeling that my way was watched. The wraiths of fog that swirled close by and about the fields cloaked the cedar sentinels. Not even a fox barked or bird cried out. The Screech Owl in the elm clung close to his black perch. Gloom hung over the hill, and I was glad to get back to the bright hearth.

The Sanctuary was tinder-dry all month. The drought at least closed the

woods to hunting. The surcease from neighboring fields and woods of the "double-barrelled blast, like war and pestilence and the loss of common sense," was welcome. We missed the waterfowl that usually drop into the flooded fall marshes. Only a few scattered Wood Ducks and Black Ducks were seen in the river.

On the 4th of October a Black-throated Blue Warbler was seen, on the 5th a Sparrow Hawk, and on the 12th numbers of White-throated Sparrows came into the feeders and were present throughout the month. Four American Pipits were seen on the newly sown West Field on the 18th. Fox and Tree Sparrows came in near the end of the month. Small flocks of Cedar Waxwings moved about the hillside.

The sorrel tree, or sourwood, *Oxydendrum arboreum*, made a gay bit of color with its bright scarlet leaves and the interesting drooping fruit clusters. A splendid planting of Japanese yew, *Taxus cuspidata*, some twenty feet or so in height was covered with a heavy crop of reddish fruit, which attracted Robins and Waxwings.

The brown days of November are here and most of the leaves have dropped or been blown off. The ruddy oaks, tawny beeches, and yellow Norway maples still persist. The wild flowers and weeds of the fields have been nipped by the frost, and even the hardy horse-radish has curled and turned yellow. The many Robins dart about, and the song of the Bluebird seems doleful as he takes a last glance at the nesting box. Flocks of Juncos methodically "ground feed," and a few lingering Whitethroats sing throughout the day.

A Trail Work Party brought out a dozen or so volunteers, and much work was accomplished. This sort of help is greatly appreciated. The North Shore Garden Club has made the Sanctuary a gift of money which is to be used for the labeling of the trees and shrubs along the trails. This should be of great interest to many.

The advent of December with its challenge of winter offers the Sanctuary visitor a last opportunity to prowl the trails before the snow sets in.

ELMER FOYE

ARCADIA. An Indian summer that will be remembered for its exceptionally glorious foliage display was marred as October ended. The blue smoke haze from burning forests hung over the hillsides, a visible sign of the wisdom of the official order closing the woodlands of the Commonwealth.

The weather may have had something to do with it, but at any rate it seemed that the bird population at Arcadia Sanctuary held to high levels right to the end of the month. The banding station records show that some seven Fox Sparrows, twenty-three White-throats, and two White-crowns were present at that time. One of the latter was an immature that had lost its tail (and probably thus saved its life) some ten days to two weeks before. This bird most likely was migrating slowly while growing a new tail. When caught, the new tail feathers were 2 mm. long. Many Robins were present during the latter part of the month, feeding mainly on the swamp holly, *Ilex verticillata*, and the Oriental crabapples. Several Bluebirds were also present, no doubt eking out an insect diet with fruits, but the Cedar Waxwing, usually about at this season, was absent.

Warblers present included a very late Nashville on the 21st, two Magnolias on the 4th, Myrtles to the 21st, one Black-poll on the 29th, a Western Palm on

the 11th, Yellow Palms through the 21st, one Oven-bird on the 4th, Northern Yellow-throats on the 4th and 7th, and the last Redstart of the season on the 7th. Most of these records were made by Professor Eliot, who was also responsible for finding four Pine Siskins on the 11th, when he also logged our last Red-eyed Towhee. Diligent search during the fall was finally rewarded when Professor Eliot found, on October 11, one Sharp-tailed Sparrow at the edge of Arcadia Marsh.

Present in Arcadia Marsh pretty much throughout the month were Pied-billed Grebe, Great Blue Heron, Mallard, Black Duck, Baldpate, and Green-winged Teal. Three Canada Geese were recorded on the 11th, Pintail on the 11th and 29th, Blue-winged Teal on the 7th and 11th, a male Redhead on the 18th, and a Greater Scaup and a Hooded Merganser on the 4th, all by Professor Eliot. Wood Ducks were in very small numbers compared to several years ago, fourteen being the largest number noted. Black Ducks were in somewhat lower numbers, the highest count being 250.

For a week in the middle of the month, Arcadia Barn was transformed into an art gallery for the display of about fifty oil paintings by William Berube, our member from Ware. Mr. Berube's interest in natural history was apparent in his sensitive portrayals of many exquisite bits of scenery in the vicinity of Quabbin Reservoir. This exhibit was enjoyed by many visitors, a number coming expressly to view the oil paintings.

Arcadia's Advisory Committee met on October 5 under the chairmanship of David Riedel. After the meeting the committee enjoyed a preview of Arcadia's new motion picture, photographed by Edward G. Hyde, of Springfield. This picture, showing the many activities of the Sanctuary, will be shown at the Annual Meeting of the Society in January.

During the month the Sanctuary was visited by the Allen Bird Club of Springfield, the Forbush Bird Club of Worcester, and the Bird Study Club from Hartford. Also during the month the Sanctuary found it necessary to take to court a trespass-fishing case to prove that the boundary signs were more than ornaments. Our policy through the years has been a most lenient one, which apparently was misunderstood by some people.

EDWIN A. MASON

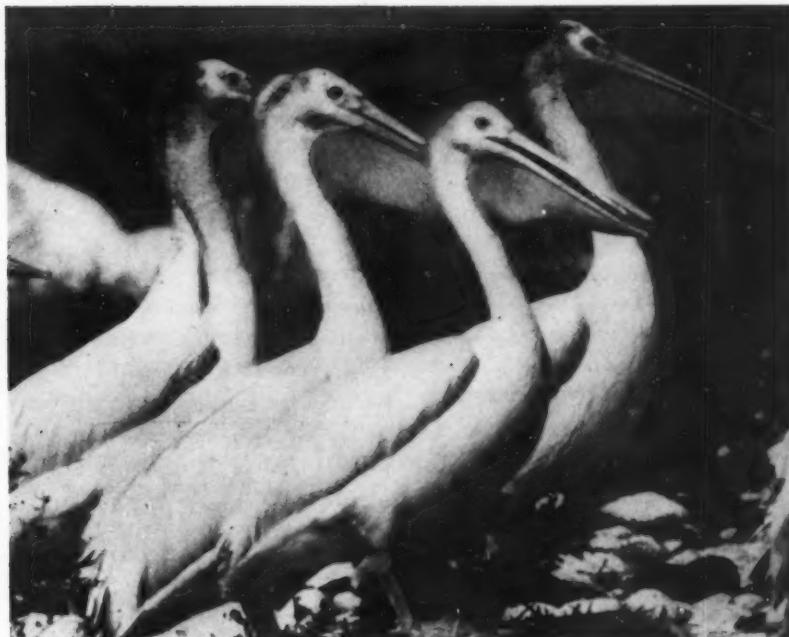
Course in Bird Study

A course in bird study has been planned for those with a knowledge of field identification of local species who want the formal background of taxonomy, distribution, and ecology. The course will consist of ten meetings and will be given at Audubon House, 155 Newbury Street, Boston, on Tuesday evenings, January 6 to March 10, from 7:30 to 9:00. Robert L. Grayce will be the instructor, and the fee will be \$7.50 for the course. Enrollment is limited to twenty. Telephone for registration, KENmore 6-4895.

Notice of Annual Meeting — January 24

The Annual Business Meeting of the Massachusetts Audubon Society will be held at Horticultural Hall, Boston, on Saturday, January 24, 1953, at 2:15 P.M. This is the regular notice to all members of the Society. The complete program to be presented in connection with this meeting will be published in the January *Bulletin*.

AUDUBON NATURE THEATRE
of the
MASSACHUSETTS AUDUBON SOCIETY
1953



Wildlife Movies in Color

For Youth

"ADVENTURES IN NATURE"

Bert Harwell

For Adults

"CAMERA GUNNING IN THE SOUTH"

Dick Borden

"CAMERA TRAILS"

Dick Bird

"EARTHQUAKE LAKE"

Karl Maslowski

Youth Films



BERT HARWELL
"Adventures in Nature"

What adventures abound in nature when Bert Harwell, gifted naturalist, photographer, and bird-song whistler, takes his listeners on a tour! Whether it is butterflies, frogs, flickers, geysers, glaciers, or squirrels — all are transformed into fascinating experiences for old and young as he uses his skill as a story teller and his gift of bird mimicry to bring the beautiful color film to life.

A native of California, Mr. Harwell formerly served as Park Naturalist in Yosemite, and in 1949 joined the staff of the National Audubon Society.

Boston: New England Mutual Hall
Saturday, February 7
10:30 a.m.

Admission: Adults \$1.20 tax inc.
Youth .60 tax inc.



DICK BIRD
"Camera Trails"

Here is a thrilling and colorful panorama of nature that will delight youth and adult audiences alike. Every moment is of absorbing interest from the advent of a beaver family until a western grebe performs the strangest of all antics in the life of any bird — his water dance.

Mr. Bird, a Canadian, has had a wealth of experience in newspaper photography as well as in the natural history field. Combined with the superb quality of Mr. Bird's photographs is his sparkling humor and dramatic skill as a commentator!

Boston: New England Mutual Hall
Saturday, March 21
10:30 a.m.

Admission: Adults \$1.20 tax inc.
Youth .60 tax inc.

For Ticket Order Blanks, see last page.

Adult Films



DICK BORDEN
"Camera Gunning in the South"

Breath-taking is the moment when for the first time the strange courting dance of the almost extinct whooping crane is shown on color film. In their natural environment, against deep blue tropical skies, you will also see pelicans, egrets, and herons parade in all of their native grandeur and grace.

Famous for his flying action shots made with his camera gun, Mr. Borden presents with remarkable photographic skill his adventure in the South. He is a native of Massachusetts and owner of Borden Productions, Inc. of Boston.

Boston: New England Mutual Hall
Saturday, February 21
10:30 a.m.

Admission: Adults \$1.20 tax inc.
Youth .60 tax inc.



KARL MASLOWSKI
"Earthquake Lake"

For the first time the strange story of "Earthquake Lake" is being told. Formed by an earthquake in 1811, today Reelfoot Lake is the gathering place for hundreds of cormorants, water turkeys, herons, egrets, and other fascinating forms of life. A bird-voiced frog, a three-toed "Congo eel," a spadefoot toad, and a southern swamp rabbit mingle with exciting actors in this Maslowski film.

A naturalist and photographer from early youth, Mr. Maslowski has won an enviable reputation both as a wildlife photographer and nature writer.

Boston: New England Mutual Hall
Saturday, March 7
10:30 a.m.

Admission: Adults \$1.20 tax inc.
Youth .60 tax inc.

For Ticket Order Blanks, see last page.

TICKET ORDER FOR BOSTON

TO:

MASSACHUSETTS AUDUBON SOCIETY
155 Newbury St., Boston 16

Please send the following tickets. I enclose \$

BERT HARWELL* Feb. 7 youth @ 60¢: adult @ \$1.20

DICK BIRD* Mar. 21 youth @ 60¢: adult @ \$1.20

DICK BORDEN* Feb. 21 youth @ 60¢: adult @ \$1.20

KARL MASLOWSKI* Mar. 7 youth @ 60¢: adult @ \$1.20

Mail tickets to: NAME

ADDRESS CITY

*Prices include tax. All lectures held in New England Mutual Hall 10:30 a.m.
Saturday.

FOR NORTHAMPTON

TO:

ARCADIA WILDLIFE SANCTUARY
Easthampton, Mass.

Please send the following tickets. I enclose \$

YOUTH SERIES: High School Auditorium 7:00 p.m.

BERT HARWELL: Feb. 3 youth @ 25¢: adult @ 70¢

DICK BIRD: Mar. 24 youth @ 25¢: adult @ 70¢

ADULT SERIES: Sage Hall, Smith College 8:00 p.m.

DICK BORDEN: Feb. 17 youth @ 60¢: adult @ \$1.20

KARL MASLOWSKI: Mar. 3 youth @ 60¢: adult @ \$1.20

Mail tickets to: NAME

ADDRESS CITY

Prices include tax.

FOR BEVERLY

TO:

Elmer P. Foye
IPSWICH RIVER WILDLIFE SANCTUARY
Topsfield, Mass.

Please send the following tickets. I enclose \$

BERT HARWELL* Feb. 5 youth @ 60¢: adult @ \$1.20

DICK BORDEN* Feb. 20 youth @ 60¢: adult @ \$1.20

Mail tickets to: NAME

ADDRESS CITY

*Prices include tax. Films will be shown in Beverly High School Auditorium
8:00 p.m.

Christopher - The Bird That Came To Dinner

BY GEORGIE B. LEE

Little did I think that day in late June that I was exchanging my status from housewife to that of nursemaid to a Song Sparrow. All the afternoon a tiny bird had peeped in the syringa bush by the piazza. Near suppertime we learned that the mother Song Sparrow had been killed. It was impossible to ignore the pitiful little ball of fluff, and we transferred it to a borrowed cage.

Greedily the little thing ate the softened bread I put into its mouth, then, breathing heavily, it cuddled down in the bottom of the cage. During supper I was relieved to have my sister say, "I think he will be dead when we go back to him." Relieved, I say, for I had hated to break the expected sad news myself. But it proved to be only a contented nap, and he was soon peeping for more food.

I stole downstairs at five o'clock the next morning, presumably to dispose of a little body. I was greeted by a peep and a big open mouth which I proceeded to stuff. And so I was dedicated — a slave to Christopher!

For a week he fed from my hand, hopping onto it fearlessly and letting me take him from the cage. Then he flew up to a perch and could easily reach food given him with tweezers. To see him grab and hold onto a medicine dropper while I squirted water down his throat was very amusing. When he had eaten all he wanted, nothing could induce him to open his mouth. He preferred sleep.

As Christopher progressed, I was kept busy providing a balanced diet. Our yard and house became the most sanitary places imaginable. Not only was the lawn too dry to produce a worm, but the house was free from flies and spiders. Friends with gardens did supply a few earthworms, and hamburg provided the rest of his meat. When given a section of worm his enthusiasm was boundless. From perch to perch he hopped as fast as he could go, and when filled up he would swing until he catapulted into the bottom of his cage.

By now he had grown a tail and began to show interest in tidbits dropped onto the floor of his cage. I had just read Elswyth Thane's *The Reluctant Farmer*, and her experiences with finches was helpful. Since 1938 we had tried to destroy a big oak stump left by the hurricane. Now this proved a bonanza. A spadeful of earth from near the stump kept Christopher busy for a morning, scratching for ants and grubs. He ate seeds from grasses and weeds, lettuce and cabbage, and, needless to say, peanut butter. Though provided with a bath pan, he preferred to bathe in a tiny glass dish just big enough to stand in.

After Christopher had lived with us over three weeks a neighbor banded him with a thin green plastic bracelet. Next morning, with great misgiving, I set the cage near the bird bath and opened it. Out he hopped, took a bath, and flew to a near-by tree. We felt bereft of a dear companion. But by afternoon he traced our voices and came onto the roof outside a bedroom screen. Of course we relented and fed him. Toward dusk he deliberately hopped back into his cage and went to bed. For a week he came to his cage every night; then we hardened our hearts and did not produce the little house. When we went outside the next morning all was forgiven: He had had a good night's sleep in the pine tree.

Christopher usurped the use of our piazza. The instant we went out, he appeared — on our shoulders, our books, in our laps, not quiet until he was served his dish of bread and milk. This seemed to be only a gesture, for after a few mouthfuls he went to the chaise longue and fitted himself into the depression that suited him best, sometimes trying three before being satisfied. And there he snoozed for about fifteen minutes. If one of us were lying on the mattress, it seemed all the more alluring, and though the temperature might be in the eighties he cuddled up as close as he could get. One of his tricks was to slide down the whole length of the magazine or newspaper I was trying to read. He picked at our earrings and pulled our hair, until we finally re-treated in desperation.

His diet must have been adequate, for he developed into a strong bird with lovely markings, although the black blob in the middle of his breast was still indistinct when he left us. We kept hoping that he would be lured away by the Song Sparrows that came and sang about the place, but he never evinced any interest in them. It may be, too, that Christopher should be renamed Christine. Perhaps next summer a green-braceleted Song Sparrow will be nesting in our shrubs. We hope so. But I have no desire to be a baby sitter to a second generation. It's too time-consuming.

News of Bird Clubs

An all-day trip to Plymouth and Manomet is scheduled by the SOUTH SHORE BIRD CLUB for Saturday, December 7. Trip will leave at 8:00 A. M. from the parking space behind the Adams Academy, Quincy. Notify Sibley Higginbotham, 17 Winthrop Ave., Wollaston, if transportation is needed or if you have room for extra passengers.

In spite of the worst weather conditions the club has experienced on its annual waterfowl census, the HOFFMANN BIRD CLUB of Pittsfield, on November 9, had better luck than it had a right to expect. In addition, one new land bird was added to its trip record list. The trip started with from one to three inches of snow on the ground and cloudy skies, with poor visibility. By late morning snow started to fall so hard that the afternoon portion of the outing had to be cancelled. Nine of the best lakes and ponds in central and southern Berkshire were visited, with nearly 570 water birds of seventeen species being found. There was a scarcity of diving ducks, but large flocks of Blacks, sixty-one Woods, sixteen Green-winged Teal, and more than forty-two Mallards were found, and all were well-distributed. The four Black-bellied Plovers which have been on the old causeway at Onota Lake were still present. The group also found the first Evening Grosbeak of the season, and two good flocks of Northern Horned Larks were identified. These birds had previously eluded the club on scheduled trips. Saturday, December 27, is the date for the annual all-day Audubon Christmas Bird Count.

Coming Events at the Berkshire Museum

Pittsfield, Massachusetts

December 2-31. Exhibition, Paintings of Water from Berkshire Museum Permanent Collection.

December 2-31. Christmas Exhibition and Sale, Pittsfield Art League.

December 2-31. Photograph Exhibition.

December 2, 3-4:30 p. m. Public Tea. Auspices Berkshire Museum Auxiliary.

December 6, 10:15 a. m. Final Children's Nature Hour with movies.

December 10, 6:30 p. m. Annual dinner and movie. Berkshire Museum Camera Club.

December 13, 10:30 a. m., 1:30 and 3:30 p. m. Special Holiday Season movie for children. "My Friend Flicka."

December 13, 7:45 p. m. Recital by Pupils of Miss Hazel Slater.

December 17, 2 p. m. Meeting Berkshire Museum Auxiliary.

December 27, 8 a. m. Hoffmann Bird Club. Audubon Bird Count.

December 29, 8:15 p. m. Concert by James Edmonds.

The Society Receives Many Legacies and Gifts

During the fiscal year of the Massachusetts Audubon Society ending October 31, 1952, several generous bequests were received from members. These were by the wills of the following persons:

Florence C. Little	\$ 100
Frances R. Morss	3774
Elizabeth F. Hoyt	9203
Gertrude S. Taber	800
William H. Wescott	1968
Minna B. Hall	1000
Mrs. Forrest M. Jenkins	5000

The legacy of Mrs. Jenkins was designated for use at Moose Hill Sanctuary.

Miss Florence H. Read, of Barre, long interested in the work of the Society in that part of the State, left a considerable portion of her estate to the Cook's Canyon Wildlife Sanctuary, but final figures upon the amounts are not obtainable at this time.

Special gifts were made for specific projects at several of the sanctuaries. These included funds for additions to the Barn Tearoom kitchen at Pleasant Valley, part of which was raised at a party sponsored by friends of Pleasant Valley; for the erection of a rustic fence at Cook's Canyon Wildlife Sanctuary; and for continued improvements to the workshop building of the Palmer Day Camp at Ipswich River Sanctuary.

Many gifts of furniture and equipment were received for the various sanctuaries during the year, as well as for Audubon House in Boston. A gift of a registration table for Arcadia Sanctuary was provided by Earle H. Thomas, a member of the Arcadia Advisory Committee; and Parker C. Reed, a member of the Ipswich River Advisory Committee, made and presented to that sanctuary a registration desk and a large bird feeder to be placed directly in front of the porch where members gather.

Through the annual appeal to members, many dollars were contributed for the maintenance of the various sanctuaries of the Society as well as for its educational work.

Again the National Wildlife Federation made a grant-in-aid of \$900, through the Massachusetts Conservation Council, for the Conservation and Natural Science Workshop held in June at Cook's Canyon Wildlife Sanctuary. The New England Society for the Preservation of Wild Flowers again contributed \$400 for the Audubon Conservation Courses in Massachusetts schools, and the Lowell Humane Society continued to sponsor the Audubon courses in the Lowell Public Schools, contributing \$2500 for this purpose. Gifts were also received from a number of other organizations and individuals to help sponsor the educational work in the schools, for scholarships for the Workshop or at Wildwood Camp, and for other activities of the Society.

The Board of Directors and officers of the Society are most grateful to all who have contributed so generously to a successful Massachusetts Audubon Society program during the past fiscal year.

Members will remember that gifts to the Society are deductible on Federal income tax returns, and that bequests are exempt from Federal and State taxes. While donors may designate the purpose for which a gift is to be used, to save confusion gifts for any phase of the work should be made directly to the Massachusetts Audubon Society, Incorporated.

Thumbnail Sketches of Our Directors



stationed there. Mrs. Foster's interest in the Audubon educational program never slackens, and many of our members are familiar with her graphic visual presentations of our school work which have been on display at annual meetings of the Society.

Mrs. Foster was born on top of a mountain, her grandfather's summer place just outside Wilkes-Barre, Pa., but her early life was spent in Chicago and in Minneapolis, where her father, George E. Vincent, was a college professor and later became president of the University of Minnesota. When in 1916 her father became president of the Rockefeller Foundation, the family moved to Greenwich, Connecticut. There Mrs. Foster continued her education at Rosemary Hall and later was graduated from Bryn Mawr. In 1926 she was married to Maxwell E. Foster, of Boston, and they have two sons, Maxwell E., Jr., a student at Harvard Law School, and Vincent, a student at Putney School in Vermont.

Before her marriage Mrs. Foster was engaged in editorial work, but she says, "I was brought up to prefer being out of doors to being in the house." At the age of six she spent the summer in Wyoming at the first dude ranch in the United States, and took a 200-mile pack trip in the Big Horns, which began a camping career not yet finished. She has camped in Arizona, Montana, British Columbia, and Alberta, as well as in Minnesota and New England. While living in Minneapolis, her mother used to take her out of school to go moose hunting in the fall. Mrs. Foster never shot a moose, but she learned, by shooting a snowshoe rabbit, that the only thing she did not like about hunting was killing animals. She was always interested in birds, and when after her marriage she discovered that her husband liked birds too, the Fosters frequently joined the groups which followed Mr. Griscom around Essex County. They now live in Ipswich during the winter and spend the summers at Jackson, New Hampshire.

MRS. MAXWELL E. FOSTER. When Bradley W. Palmer decided in 1939 to sponsor conservation education in the schools of his community, his niece, Elizabeth Vincent Foster, persuaded him to put the project in the hands of the Massachusetts Audubon Society. This was the beginning of the present State-wide educational program of the Society. Mrs. Foster had previously directed a nature club at the Shore Country Day School in Beverly, where her young son attended and she had also been active in encouraging girl scouts in their nature interests. She has served on many committees of the Board of Directors since she became a director of the Society in 1939, and her term of office has only been interrupted by her residence in Washington during World War II, when Mr. Foster was



ROGER ERNST. A member of the Board of Directors of the Massachusetts Audubon Society since 1939, Roger Ernst was born in Boston, the son of George A. O. Ernst, lawyer and a member of the original Boston Finance Commission. He is a nephew of the late Dr. Harold C. Ernst, the first professor of bacteriology at the Harvard Medical School.

Mr. Ernst was graduated in the Class of Harvard 1903, and has been Secretary of that class ever since. He is a member of Phi Beta Kappa. He was graduated from Harvard Law School in 1906, and during his Law School years was president of the *Harvard Law Review* and Graduate

Manager of Athletics at Harvard. He has been practicing law as a partner in the Boston law firm generally known as "Ropes, Gray" ever since his graduation from Law School.

During his more active years, Mr. Ernst's professional work took him frequently to New York and other American and Canadian cities, and from 1925 to 1931 he spent much time on business in various countries of western and central Europe, including a winter in Poland and a year's residence in Paris. He and his wife have also visited France and Spain several times in quest of the Romanesque and Gothic, one of their chief hobbies. Incidentally, in 1950 they visited the famous flamingo colony in the Camargue in southern France.

Mr. Ernst's estate at Manomet, known to Audubon Society members as New England's chief habitat for Blue-gray Gnatcatchers, he inherited from his uncle, Dr. Ernst, and now occupies each summer.

The home built by the Ernsts on the Brookline estate of the late Professor Charles Sargent has a beautiful location overlooking Sargent Pond. Audubon Society members are attracted there, not only by the Ernsts' cordial hospitality, but also by the pond which is likely to welcome during the fall migration some unusual duck like the European Widgeon and Hooded Merganser. He was married to Ruth Graves, of Newburyport, in 1926, and she shares his interest in the out-of-doors and birdlife.

Mr. Ernst has been associated with many well-known institutions in this part of New England. He is a trustee of a trust established chiefly for the benefit of Harvard University, under the will of Edward Hopkins, a colonial governor, the oldest charitable trust in America. He served for several years as trustee of the Nuttall Ornithological Club, and for many years has been a director of the Animal Rescue League. He is also president of the Trustees of the Roxbury Latin School, the first privately endowed school in the United States, and not long ago presided over its 300th birthday celebration. He was a director for many years of the Webster and Atlas National Bank of Boston, and he is a trustee of the Free Hospital for Women in Brookline.

Mr. Ernst has not only been of great assistance to the Society through his wide knowledge of legal affairs, but also serves on the Educational and Sanctuary Committees as well as on the Executive and Auditing Committees. Occasionally he is persuaded to write an article for the *Bulletin*, and he is always counted upon to let the bird-watchers know of unusual species which show up at the Sargent Estate.

New Member of Our Teaching Staff

At the opening of the school year in September, a completely organized teaching staff gathered at Audubon House to plan an aggressive year of work in conservation education throughout the State. There are now twenty members on the staff, most of whom are teaching full time. Four have been added this season to fill vacancies or to care for our expanding school program.



While her husband attends Gordon Divinity School at Beverly Farms, Mrs. Lydia Katherine Goehmann Andrews, formerly of Erie, Pennsylvania, will be teaching for the Society in Essex County, with her headquarters at the Ipswich River Wildlife Sanctuary in Topsfield. Mrs. Andrews received her early education in Erie, where she also was active in Girl Scouting and in the church Luther League program. She later attended Thiel College, Greenville, Pennsylvania, and was graduated in 1947 with a bachelor of science degree. During her senior year at college, she was elected to Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities. Following graduation she taught general science in the Wilson Junior High School, of Erie, and during the summer of 1948, she studied at the field station operated there, on Presque Isle, by the University of

Pittsburgh. There she took her first course in ornithology, and Mrs. Andrews says, "After doing a nesting study of the Spotted Sandpiper and going on a number of field trips, I knew that nature work was for me." She continued her studies at the field station during the summers of 1949-1951, and the subject of her thesis was "The Nesting Habits and Social Behavior of the Common Tern at Presque Isle, Erie, Pennsylvania." In February, 1952, she received the master of science degree from the University of Pittsburgh. In addition to trips into the field, her hobbies are weaving, bowling, and reading, and she is just beginning the fascinating hobby of photography.

Next Audubon Field Trip

The usual popular field trip for recording winter birds which follows the Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Audubon Society will be held on SUNDAY, JANUARY 25. Watch for full details in the January *Bulletin*.

A Chat Winters in New Hampshire

BY JOHN FERNALD

The report which follows covers only the highlights, the big events in my experience in catering to a Yellow-breasted Chat during the winter of 1951-1952 at a feeding station in Rye, New Hampshire, just one hundred yards back from the ocean shore line.

The Chat was first seen in mid-November of 1951 eating peanut butter and a doughnut in a feeding box that is close to a lilac bush; the box is barred, to keep out Starlings and Blue Jays, with one-eighth inch dowels set on one-and-one-fourth-inch centers. The next morning the Chat came up to a window sill food tray (reserved for my pet Chickadees) for peanut butter. As I was sitting in a low chair at the window it was less than two feet from me. This fact, which it probably did not realize with double glass between us, allowed excellent observation, and I noticed that the white eye rings, or "spectacles," are not as clearly defined nor is the bill as convex as shown in pictures I have seen.

Well, if it was to board here all winter it had to learn to eat in the breezeway where all the small birds eat, Tree Sparrows, Myrtle Warblers, Juncos, Purple Finches, and Goldfinches. The gluttonous Starlings do not, (at least when I am about). So, no more food was put out at the lilac bush and the Chat soon came to eat in the breezeway along with the smaller birds, whom it ignored. This breezeway, twelve by fifteen feet, is on a level with the second floor between the house and an annex; it is closed in on three sides and open on the fourth side, about ten feet in front of which is a fairly thick white pine tree. All birds seem to recognize this as an ideal spot, and there are several trays in the breezeway to feed them. It is really a sight to see the busy crowd there in a storm!

The Chat did not park there stuffing itself as some other birds do, but would eat a little at a time in a dainty picking manner, then go back for twenty to thirty minutes to the pine tree from whence it had come, and would then rejoin the crowd for a few selected "billfuls."

It was eating only doughnut and peanut butter, would not touch any seeds, raisins, chopped figs, apple, or suet, which it did eat later. This went on until the middle of January, 1952, with the weather becoming severe here and the Chat looking so sad, silent, and all puffed out. It did not seem that it could survive the balance of the winter on its diet of doughnut and peanut butter. But a letter to the Massachusetts Audubon Society brought a reply from Mrs. Ruth Emery to try feeding it bananas. That was "just what the doctor ordered," for the Chat began to look better in a few days after beginning to eat the banana.

An interesting detail was that it did not offer to go near the first banana, which was put out peeled, or "nude," but when in a few minutes another was put out with the skin on but folded back from one side it hopped right to it and has been, and is now (March 30, 1952), eating nearly one half a banana daily, together with the peanut butter. No doughnut since it began getting bananas. A food tray heated with a sixty-watt bulb had been made by wiring a socket into a small box with a thin masonite cover to keep drinking water from freezing. As the Chat was seen to drink only once, the heated tray was used to keep the banana from freezing, and the Chat would squat down on

the tray to warm its feet, as they bothered it all winter. It generally stood on one foot with the other drawn up into its feathers. While it was, and is, just as silent (it only made a hoarse "clak" once), it has not been as sad-looking or as quiet-acting; it hops around more since it began the banana diet, flicking its tail.

The day following the big snowstorm of February 15 or thereabout, it appeared about ready to quit. It was a sad, sick-looking bird, moved around very little, just sat all puffed out, didn't eat any banana, merely pecked at a little peanut butter. Then for the first time it pecked at a lump of suet. At once some suet was put through a meat grinder, coming out in a soft, worm-like form. The Chat seemed to enjoy eating some of this, and later that same day perked up a little.

The next morning it appeared for breakfast apparently feeling as well as ever and went back to its diet of bananas and peanut butter, with a little ground suet added.

Another morning the Chat showed up looking "as wet as a drowned rat;" although it had rained during the night it must have got under a leaky gutter to have become so wet. The Chat tried to shake the water from its feathers but was so cold or weak that it would lose its balance in so doing. It was a cold, cloudy, damp day with no chance of the sun coming out to help dry the bird. An infra-red heat lamp with a large bell-shaped reflector was then hung about two feet above the food tray. The Chat did not take to it at once, but finally it got the idea and parked under it most of the morning until it was dry. I put the heat lamp out another day when the temperature was 10°, but the Chat just shunned it.

But even with all this special care and privilege the Chat does not get friendly, although it is not as timid as at first, when it would fly across the road into wild brushland. It now stays in the pine tree close to the breezeway when I replenish the food supply. One day it was in the lilac bush and a grackle lit on the bush also. I opened the window and clapped my hands to scare the grackle away, but the Chat stayed put.

This winter catering to the Chat has been a most interesting experience. Will the Chat be back come next November? I hope so; if not to my feeding station, perhaps this report may be the means of helping it survive another winter at some other member's station.

Brookline Bird Club Trips

Open to Members of the Massachusetts Audubon Society

December 6, all day. Prides Crossing, Gordon Campus and Vicinity. Mrs. Jameson, Beverly 1239-R. Afternoon, Devereux and Marblehead Neck. Mrs. Boot, LYnn 8-0257.

December 13, all day. Rockport and Cape Ann. Mr. Little, WALtham 5-4295-J. Afternoon, Nahant. Miss Collins, COnmonwealth 6-5800.

December 20, all day. Newburyport and Vicinity. Mr. Jameson, Beverly 1239-R. Afternoon, Leverett Pond to Arnold Arboretum. Miss Hanson, COnmonwealth 6-1595.

December 27, all day. Christmas Census. Division 1, Beverly, Salem, and Marble-

head. Mr. Argue, KENmore 6-3604. Division 2, Peabody and Danvers. Mr. Jameson, Beverly 1239-R. Division 3, Fay Estate, Swampscott, Lynn, Point of Pines, Revere. Mr. Kelly, LYnn 2-9024. Division 4, Saugus and Wakefield. Mr. Lewis, CRystal 9-1355-R. Afternoon (Part of Census), Nahant. Miss Riggs, UNiversity 4-4229.

January 1, all day. Ipswich and Dunes. Mr. Robert Hogg, CRystal 9-3431-W.

January 3, all day. Rockport and Cape Ann. Mr. Lewis, CRystal 9-1355-R. Afternoon, Arnold Arboretum to Leverett Pond. Miss Wollaston, BLuehills 8-2750.

Mrs. Richard Cary Curtis Opens Estate for Bird-Watchers

Manchester-by-the-Sea in Massachusetts offers great opportunities for bird-watchers, especially during the migration season. It is much like Nahant, in that it attracts birds following the coast north and south, encouraging them to stop for rest and food.

Mrs. Richard Cary Curtis is now opening for bird-watchers her property at the ocean-side end of Smiths Point in Manchester, and there she will welcome these visitors the year round. It is possible to walk around the cliffs and to follow various trails on the land across the road to strategic points, including the beach where shore birds may be found. There is an excellent place for parking on the beach lot just below the land at the beach. The property is easy to find, being marked by Eagle Tower, and the initials "R. C. C." are inscribed at the gate. The house is white with a green roof.

Our warm thanks to Mrs. Curtis for her interest and courtesy.

Our Birds to the Rescue

BY ALBERT R. RETELLE

In the residential section of Lawrence, Massachusetts, a Hairy Woodpecker has been doing his part to prevent the spread of the destructive Dutch Elm Disease which has already destroyed great numbers of our beautiful American elms and which is threatening the existence of countless more of these fine trees in our picturesque New England villages.

Not only was it strange to find this woodpecker living in the heart of the busy city streets but the fact that it was continually at work beating its beak against the bark of a dead elm was reason enough to arouse my curiosity. Day after day during the past winter months, it could be seen busily at work and gorging itself on the elm-bark beetles which had secreted themselves in the bark of the elm to pass the winter. In the spring these insects would have come forth and commenced spreading the destructive fungus which they carry on their bodies and which causes the wide-spread ravages we so dread among our elms.

The progress of our woodpecker's work is evidenced on the ground about the base of the tree, which each day has become more and more littered with chips of bark and wood. This one Hairy Woodpecker peeled about one-half of the trunk of this tree, with some little assistance rendered by the Black-capped Chickadees who share his fare.

When one realizes how much food one woodpecker must consume each day to keep alive and warm, it is apparent that this single bird may be devouring enough of these beetles to save many of our elm trees from infection and destruction in the near future.

EDITORS' NOTE. We sent the above communication to Harris A. Reynolds, Secretary of the Massachusetts Forest and Park Association, who wrote us as follows:—

"I have read with interest the article by Mr. Retelle, and there is no question but that the woodpeckers do a good job for the protection of the elms. In fact, chips at the base of a tree and the markings of woodpeckers are sure signs that a tree has beetles, and it often leads to an examination which detects the presence of the Dutch Elm Disease."

Nocturnal Migration

BY IVY LEMON

Some of the mysteries of nocturnal migration are gradually being solved by volunteer observers for approximately 250 stations throughout the United States, as well as in Canada, Puerto Rico, Mexico, and the Isthmus of Panama. Persons contributing to this line of investigation should, in time, make night migration better understood, in many ways, than diurnal migration. The study of migration by the use of the moon has been characterized by George W. Williams as "an entirely new branch of ornithology, the ultimate limits of which are not yet in sight."

Birds in any locality include summer, winter, and year-round residents, and because their activity is taking place in trees behind foliage, it is extremely difficult to separate the migrants from non-migrants of the same species and to determine accurately the amount of migration taking place. Diurnal observations have important limitations that have prevented our knowing how the volume of migration changes with changing circumstances, or determining flight directions on a grand scale. Since there are only a few species of nocturnal birds, and even a lesser number that feed high in the sky, nightfall allows the observer to distinguish between birds that are migrating and birds that are not migrating, and when large flights of birds are observed after nightfall we are safe in assuming that the majority are migrating.

H. A. Winkenwerder, in his studies of 1902, was the first investigator to gather telescopic bird counts with the idea of analyzing the reasons for their variations. Although his work was not continued, Carpenter and Stebbins, four years later, developed a successful technique for determining the height of migrating birds with two telescopes pointed at the moon. No further development in lunar bird study occurred until 1946, forty years later, when Dr. Lowery, Curator of the Museum of Zoology at Louisiana State University, began searching for methods of comparing the night migrations at different times and at different places. He thought of the early telescopic studies and their possible application to his problems, but realized that the amount of birds seen crossing before the moon depends on the space in the sky in which the moon permits one to see the birds. Therefore the size of this space had to be determined. Dr. Lowery took his problem to Dr. W. A. Rense, of the Louisiana State University Department of Physics and Astronomy, who pointed out that the observation space is constantly changing as the moon drifts. The same number of birds observed under different conditions may represent flights of various magnitudes. These facts exposed a flaw in Winkenwerder's work as he had failed to account for the changing size of the observation space. Rense developed mathematical formulae for making the necessary corrections in the telescopic counts, and by the spring of 1948 Lowery was ready to test the new method on a wide scale by inviting people in other parts of the country to stage a co-operative watch of the moon. By the end of the season over two hundred persons had logged over one thousand hours of observation. Two hours of slide-rule calculations for every hour of observation were necessary to process the data for ornithological analysis. While the results permitted important new conclusions regarding nocturnal bird migration, it rapidly became evident that many times the original amount of observations would have to be assembled before final answers to certain questions could be reached. The handling of so much data was unthinkable.

at that time, and for a while moon-watching lagged. This year an improved system for dealing with data in quantity has been arranged by Robert J. Newman, of Louisiana State University, and graphic and tabular solutions to the computational problems are ready.

The present evidence is that the majority of migrants fly at altitudes of less than one mile above the earth. The one-mile level can be thought of as a ceiling roofing the stratum of the atmosphere where migration occurs. Only that part of the lunar cone lying beneath this flight ceiling provides space for the observation of birds. The size of this section of the cone varies from hour to hour, and when the moon is high, most of the lunar cone is lifted above the flight ceiling causing the observation cone to become very small. When the moon is low, more of the lunar cone lies beneath the flight ceiling, and thus the observation cone becomes larger. The changes in the size of the observation cone cause changes in the number of visible birds, even when the actual density of birds in the sky remains unchanged. Methods were devised to record flight paths on the moon and to translate them into compass directions. Rense worked out equations for determining at any position of the moon the amount of observation space that is interposed in the path of each major directional flight trend. After the dimensions of the observation space are known, it is possible to convert the number of observed birds to the proportionate number that would have been seen if the observation space had remained at some constant size. These flight densities permit accurate comparison of the amounts of migration taking place at different times, at different places, and in different directions.

At the Boston station, located on the roof of the Hotel Shelton, the following Audubonites have participated: Miss Elsie Meyer, Miss Natalie King, Miss Carolyn Morse, Miss Grace Cramer, Mrs. Bernice Boot, Mrs. David Dutton, Mr. Charles Parker, Mr. Roderic Sommers, Miss Vivian Bushnell, and Miss Ivy LeMon. An invitation is extended to anyone in or around Boston to join the group. Bird students or astronomers are most likely to realize the implications of this work, but the observations can be accomplished by others who were never before interested in either birds or the moon. The observations will continue throughout the full moon periods until January.

It will be some time before we have an analysis of the data from our Boston station, but so far the results suggest that the winds from the north or northwest push migrants against the Massachusetts coast just as they are supposed to push them against the New Jersey coast. Our counts were lowest when the wind was from the east, northeast, and south.

Ipswich River Sanctuary Trail Clearing

Another Trail Work Party is scheduled for Saturday, December 13. Come when you can. Volunteer help is greatly appreciated, and members and friends are urged to come to the sanctuary any time throughout the winter and lend a hand.

Christmas Bird Counts — December 21 and 28, 1952

Will any who wish to participate in the Newburyport and Cape Ann Christmas Bird Count on December 21, or in the Cape Cod Bird Count on December 28, please communicate with the office at Audubon House at an early date?

All interested in taking part in the bird counts at any of our Massachusetts Audubon Society sanctuaries should get in touch with the sanctuary director. All interested in local bird counts elsewhere, conducted by the various clubs, should communicate with the club secretaries for details.

Havahart, Mr. Drew!

BY MARGARET M. VANDERVEER

Mr. Drew's subtle remarks about his squirrel feeding station (in the *Bulletin* for December, 1948) prompt us to report our travel bureau for squirrels. We call it "The Whitcomb Van Company." It was organized last winter, so it is still quite new and, as yet, not widely advertised. Why should we seek publicity while our list of customers steadily grows?

We run a distinctly one-way excursion, no return trip guaranteed. Our destinations are widely varied, suitable surroundings being among our prime objectives. So far, we have not instituted research upon the results of our planned travel, though indications are that our customers are so pleased with our care and forethought in selecting their landing points as to become permanent residents of their new areas. At least, none have returned to make official reports of any complaints.

Some critical minds may aver that our come-on advance publicity is on the corny side, but competitors are at liberty to vary the bait as their own circumstances may demand. All our trips are personally conducted. Accommodations are roomy and well-ventilated, albeit not of the upholstered Pullman type. Safety belts are not needed, safety catches being provided on all exits. Meals may be had en route on a serve-yourself basis. We recommend single occupancy of compartments; first come, first served, and no pushing.

Upon take-off there usually is some unavoidable excitement and confusion, as our clientele as yet is not from a well-traveled group of society, and its jitters are understandable. But passengers invariably settle down with quiet but obvious enjoyment. All restlessness subsides as they give themselves over to the smooth hum of snow tires on the highway. We have never been annoyed by any back-seat drivers, or with sudden requests to stop at hot dog stands, doughnut shops, or service stations. In fact, our schedule calls for a non-stop drive to an attractive location, carefully chosen and at least eight miles from the starting point, preferably across a fairly wide stream. Our policy is to discourage firmly all suggestions from our patrons that our service include trips to such conspicuous and crowded areas as Boston Common, although we recognize its appeal.

Debarkation is accomplished swiftly; gloves, in the early stages of our business, were taken along as a precaution but have long since been abandoned as unnecessary. Our Purple Finches, Goldfinches, Chickadees, and Juncos welcome us on our return with soft flutters of wings and chirps of appreciation as they happily toss their Moose Hill mixture about, once more undisturbed.

With a little more experience we feel we could land a job with Raycomb and Whitmond — if only we could get the references from our customers.

Dead Line for 1952 Check-Lists

A full report of birding in Massachusetts in 1952, from checklists submitted, entails considerable preparation on the part of the compiler. Copy for the *Bulletin* must be ready well in advance of publication date. We therefore request all co-operators to mail their check-lists to Audubon House *not later than January 15*. Please list only birds seen in Massachusetts.

Audubon Shrine Now Open to the Public

An event of much interest to Audubon members and to bird-lovers in general is the opening to visitors of Mill Grove Farm, the first home in America of John James Audubon. Located about twenty-five miles from Philadelphia and just outside the city of Norristown, it is across the Schuylkill River from historic Valley Forge and the eastern end of the Pennsylvania Turnpike at King of Prussia, and within easy striking distance of famed Hawk Mountain, mecca of bird-watchers during the migration of the Raptore.



COURTESY MONTGOMERY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

"Millgrove Mills in 1818"

Audubon came to Mill Grove early in 1804, after a siege of fever contracted on his landing in New York after his voyage from France. Here he lived the life of a country squire for a short time, theoretically in charge of his father's farm and lead mine, but spending most of his time exploring the near-by woods and streams, watching the birds, making collections of natural history objects of all kinds, and drawing crude portraits of his feathered neighbors. Here he made the first "bird-banding" experiment in America and here he originated his method of wiring, or pinning, his fresh specimens in lifelike poses and using them as models for his drawings, a long step from the stiff conventional figures of his contemporaries. And near Mill Grove was Fatland Ford plantation, where Audubon met his future wife, Lucy Bakewell.

In 1813 Mill Grove was sold to Samuel Wetherill, of Philadelphia, and it remained in the possession of members of his family until 1951, when the Montgomery County Commissioners acquired it as a recreation center and Audubon memorial. The waters of Perkiomen Creek divide the present property, and the land across the creek from the old stone house is being developed with picnic sites — tables, fireplaces, and so forth — as part of the Montgomery County park system. The house itself, built in 1762, is in excellent condition and is being furnished with interesting Auduboniania, while the entire property is a bird sanctuary. Because of its present lack of modern heating equipment, the house at Mill Grove will be closed from December first to April first.

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News of Bird Clubs

Members of the ALLEN BIRD CLUB of Springfield were guests of the Hartford Bird Study Club for an all-day outing along the tidal inlets of Long Island Sound, near Saybrook, on November 1. It proved to be a banner day, beyond the expectations of the most hopeful person in the group of forty-five members from the two clubs. In each of several salt-water inlets were hundreds of ducks, most of them near enough to be identifiable without scopes. Many persons were able to add a few life birds to their lists as a result of this unusually productive day. Mr. Ernest Yates, President, writes that the Allen Bird Club is leaning heavily on the Hartford Club for its November and December activities, with Hartford providing the two speakers for those months. On November 17 Dr. Lee J. Whittles presented his "Birds of the Connecticut Valley" on color slides, and on December 8 Mr. Percy E. Fellows will show his film "From Long Island to the Gaspé."

The FORBUSH BIRD CLUB of Worcester will hold its regular monthly meeting and Christmas Party at the Natural History Museum on December 11, at 7:30 P.M. The period from December 19 to January 2 will be devoted to Christmas Bird Censuses, with all reports going to Mrs. Ethel Fleming, 5 Maplewood Road, Worcester.

At the December 2 meeting of the WATERBURY (CONN.) NATURALIST CLUB, Walter P. Green will show kodachromes of nature under the title of "Some of our Wild Flowers." On December 7 an outing is scheduled for setting up winter bird feeding shelters, with Robert Sturges leading. On December 28 club members will take the Annual Christmas Bird Census in Waterbury and vicinity, John Mackiewicz leading.

BIRD RESTAURANTS

Hanging Feeders

Chickadee Diner	\$1.35
Wrought Iron Lantern Feeder	4.95
All Metal Automat Feeder	5.50
Bird Filling Station	4.25
Squirrel's Defeat	8.00

Window Feeders

Festive Board	1.50				
Open Tray Feeder	2.00				
Skylight Window Feeder, 17-inch	5.45				
25-inch	7.75				
Storm Window Feeder	6.00				
Bird Cafes	<table> <tr> <td>16-inch</td> <td>5.45</td> </tr> <tr> <td> 25-inch</td><td>6.95</td> </tr> </table>	16-inch	5.45	25-inch	6.95
16-inch	5.45				
25-inch	6.95				
Squirrel Proof Feeder,	12.00				
Chickadee Tidbits, box of 24	1.25				
(refills for Diner and Festive Board)					
Suet Cakes. Square, 30 cents; oblong, 35 cents; wedge, 45 cents					

Outdoor Revolving Feeders

Garden Snackery	7.50				
Salt Box Inn	8.95				
Cape Cod Inn	<table> <tr> <td>stained</td> <td>11.95</td> </tr> <tr> <td>painted</td> <td>15.45</td> </tr> </table>	stained	11.95	painted	15.45
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Seed Hopper Feeder

Clemensson Hopper	2.50
Rustic Hopper, No. 104	3.75
Rustic Seed and Suet, No. 122	5.30
Large Hopper Feeder, No. 132	9.00
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From the Editors' Sanctum

The calendar pages are turned to December, with its promise of cold clear days alternating with days of driving snow, and with the joys of the Christmas season looming large in our thoughts. The pleasures of giving and of receiving occupy much of our time in anticipation. Where does the Massachusetts Audubon Society fit into our plans?

At Audubon's Store are many attractive gifts for the bird-lover or any devotee of our beautiful great out-of-doors. Appropriate Christmas cards in variety; decorated correspondence papers; colorful bird prints by Peterson, Jaques, Menaboni, Gould, and Audubon; popular books on birds, beasts, bugs, or blossoms, as well as biographic material on famous naturalists and volumes of essays on outdoor life; authentic bird song records; nature games for boys and girls; and, for those fortunately situated where wild birds may be attracted, birdhouses, bird feeders, a variety of bird foods, and other devices to lure our feathered friends to our neighborhoods. Any and all of these make desirable gifts and are appropriate for the Christmas season of good cheer.

These are gifts you and your friends can get from Audubon House, but what about gifts for the Audubon Society? There are gaps in the reading matter in both the Elizabeth Loring Lending Library and our reference library at 155 Newbury Street; perhaps you have some books which we would gladly add to our shelves. And our five sanctuaries which also serve as headquarters for our educational work in their respective districts are sadly in need of reference material, books on any phase of natural history, biology, and conservation. As our work expands, more equipment of various sorts is needed, apparatus for use with our Workshops and Day Camps, and for Wildwood; specimens of natural history for our museums and for classroom use by our teachers; tools for clearing trails, planting, etc.; berry-bearing plants for our feeding and experimental areas; kodaslides and movie film for our teachers and our lecture staff; these and many other things would be most acceptable.

And while we do not like to appear mercenary at this glad holiday season, gifts of cold cash, checks, pledges, or bequests for the future will be gratefully acknowledged and used to advantage in spreading the gospel of Conservation of Wildlife and our Natural Resources.

New Hampshire Bird Life

The Audubon Society of New Hampshire has reprinted from their magazine an excellent article entitled "The Distribution of Bird Life in New Hampshire," by Tudor Richards. Mr. Richards discusses the distribution of the bird life at some length, describing the different major regions, including some of the more interesting localities and their characteristic birds. There have been 320 different species recorded in New Hampshire, and probably over 250 occur more or less regularly. The regions covered include the coastal area, the southeastern lowlands, the lake region, the Connecticut Valley, the southwestern plateau, the White Mountains, and the north country. Reprints of this material may be secured at 15 cents each by writing to Mrs. Clinton Wallace, New Hampton, New Hampshire.

Reviews of Recent Acquisitions

THE BEST LOVED TREES OF AMERICA: INTIMATE CLOSE-UPS OF THEIR YEAR-ROUND TRAITS. By Robert S. Lemmon. The American Garden Guild and Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, New York. 1952. 254 pages. \$3.50.

Recognizing the agelong attachment of people for trees, the former managing editor of the *Home Garden Magazine* has gathered together interesting and well-written material about fifty-nine of the best-loved American trees. The subtitle, "Intimate Close-ups of Their Year-Round Traits," indicates well how the subject matter is presented. Not only are the leading characters of the trees described and their use by man, bird, or beast, but reasons are given for their appreciation by man through the ages. The species and varieties to be included have been carefully selected to cover many parts of the country and many types of trees, from the giant sequoia and redwood of the Pacific coast to the cottonwood of the Plains, the white pine of the Northeast, and the persimmon — favorite of native Southerners as well as of the opossum for its frost-sweetened fruits. Not only are some of the giant oaks and the tulip tree included, but also the smaller flowering dogwood, so popular in many parts of the country; the mountain ash, so attractive to birds; and the paloverde of the deserts.

Mr. Lemmon has also accomplished a tremendous task in gathering together such magnificent photographs of the trees, represented at various stages of their growth in winter and summer — blossom, leaf, bark, and fruit.

Altogether this is a most attractive volume, one for all lovers of trees and an excellent book to enjoy reading and to use as a gift for anyone who enjoys either the woods or just the beauty of his own back yard.

C. RUSSELL MASON

THE LIFE OF THE SPIDER. By John Crompton. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 1951. 254 pages. \$3.00.

In *The Life of the Spider* Mr. Crompton has brought together many facts about the habits and behavior of spiders and presented, or sometimes interpreted, them in a most interesting and informative manner for the lay reader. To the report of his own keen observation he has added a nice balance of material from the observations and experiments of other scientists, notably Henri Fabre.

In the first part of the book the subject is treated by natural grouping of types;

Web Weavers, Wolf, Jumping, Crab, and Trap-door Spiders. The varied means of these various types of meeting and overcoming the difficulties of survival in a hostile world are presented with clarity, fascination, humor, and authority. The latter part is concerned with the over-all picture of such aspects as enemies, defense, courting, and intelligence of these little-known creatures. While dealing primarily with the spiders of England, this material could well serve as a basis for keener observation of our own house and garden varieties.

The sketches and drawings of W. S. Bristow, G. H. Locket, C. Warburton, and W. S. Phillips, though few in number, add to the clarity of the text. The "Notes on Literature" serve as a condensed bibliography.

I think that with Mr. Crompton's introduction and guidance even those who hold a strong aversion to or fear of spiders will find themselves acquiring a more lenient and understanding attitude toward these eight-legged neighbors. Certainly this account will add to the knowledge of those already initiated in the subject and will prove a fascinating introduction to the newcomers in this interesting field.

FRANCES SHERBURNE

THE BLACK BEAR TWINS. By Jane Tompkins. Illustrated in black and white by Kurt Wiese. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and New York. 1952. 113 pages. \$2.25.

Here is a delightful story slanted for animal-lovers in the six-to-nine age group. The format is attractive, the print large on heavy stock, profusely illustrated with line drawings. Pictures and text complement each other in making the fat little bear twins come alive to the reader. While the story is consistently the tale of Smoky and Tar Baby, it is a story of the forest, too, and along with the enchanting little bears we also smell the delicious scents of the seasons, watch otters frolic and squirrels scold, and feel admiration and affection for wise Mrs. Bear.

The lovable bear characters have the individuality which animals truly possess, for the book is written with a background of authentic natural history. The episodes have the suspense of truth, not fantasy. The story moves so swiftly that the reader is conscious only of enjoyment, while absorbing a sound lesson in the balance of nature. Pages 83 through 85 should be read by every child who ever roamed the woods and by all teachers of the young. Here is a basic lesson in human-animal



KARL MASLOWSKI is one of the best known nature photographers and lecturers in North America. He produces films for the Ohio Division of Conservation and has served as curator of birds at the Cincinnati Museum of Natural History. He writes a weekly nature column for the Cincinnati Enquirer and is the author of a number of magazine articles. His Audubon Screen Tours for the National Audubon Society have been widely acclaimed.

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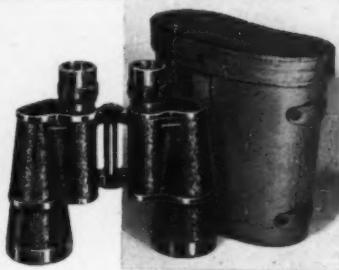
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Reviews, continued

relationship and true practice of conservation.

It is difficult to imagine a child who would not find delight in exploring the "great green world" with the playful bears and sharing their adventures through the first year until Mrs. Bear leads them to the den where they were born. The story ends in the season when it began, when "the forest was still with the stillness of winter. The forest was white with the whiteness of snow. And inside their snug home, the big black bear and her twins were all settled down for their long winter sleep."

The Black Bear Twins is the eighth in a series of true-to-nature animal books by Jane Tompkins.

EMILY GOODE

Field Notes

Oscar Root banded a WHITE-CROWNED SPARROW at North Andover on October 28 and another on October 31. He also banded a LINCOLN'S SPARROW there on October 19.

A group of birders enjoyed a trip with Ludlow Griscom to Monomoy Point on November 9 and 11 which included the following highlights: GREATER and CORY'S SHEARWATERS, CANADA GOOSE, BLACK BRANT, fifteen RED-HEAD DUCKS, CANVAS-BACKS, HARLEQUIN DUCK, both the RED and the NORTHERN PHALAROPE, EUROPEAN BLACK-HEADED GULL, SNOWY OWL, YELLOW-BREASTED CHAT, RED CROSSBILLS, LAPLAND LONGSPUR, and SNOW BUNTINGS.

G. O. Oleson, Extension Information Specialist, University of Massachusetts, whose articles in the *Globe* have brought us many inquiries regarding feeding stations and food for birds, writes us as follows:

"I went down to the furniture store and got some crating in which furniture had been shipped. I took an old cupboard drawer, turned it upside down, put a roof on it, cut a hole in the back and made a window box feeding station. So far we've had only Blue Jays visiting the station, but I imagine that as winter closes in we'll find other birds there."

Field Notes

Our *Bulletin* comment on the discovery of a JAVA SPARROW brought a card from Miss Dorothy Caldwell reporting that she, with two friends, found one of these beautiful birds near Andrews Point, Cape Ann, on October 4 of this year. The bird was with a flock of WHITE-THROATS on a lawn, and it later bathed in a little rain pool in a rock. Also, Miss Lottie Smith, of Sudbury, reported to Miss Caldwell that a neighbor of hers had a Java Sparrow on her lawn for a moment early last spring.

The Alexander Bergstroms, of West Hartford, Connecticut, had a YELLOW-BREASTED CHAT in their banding traps on October 5, a late date for the Hartford region, and on October 19 they added fifty-six new banded birds, mostly WHITE-THROATS but including two WHITE-CROWNS.

A pair of REDHEAD DUCKS was reported seen on Jamaica Pond, October 31, by Miss Alice Hanson. Miss Hanson also saw a WINTER WREN in the Fenway near the Museum of Fine Arts on October 30 and 31.

Mrs. H. G. McEntee writes in the Eastern Bird-Banding Association News Letter of a new bird food which she uses successfully in her banding traps — cooked oatmeal with raisins. She says: "Blue Jays, Catbirds, Robins, Tanagers, etc., are keen about it for feeding their young. Let them get used to it on the feeding shelf for a couple of days, then put some in a container into the traps. I usually save the tops of ice cream cartons for this purpose because they are a good size for small traps and their light color helps to attract the birds. Also, when they get messy, they can be thrown away."

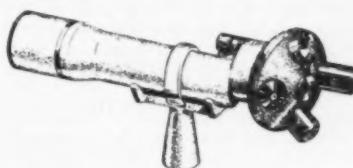
From Topsfield Mrs. Lydia Andrews, of the Audubon teaching staff, reports seeing twenty-one KILLDEERS in a field opposite the Bradley Palmer State Park on October 20. The birds were feeding quite near the road that leads to Wenham.

Seven PINE GROSBEAKS were reported from Becket on October 13 by Mrs. Derby and Miss Barbara Morey, and on October 25 David Freeland and Murray Gardler saw six in Wellesley.

The first EVENING GROSBEAK report comes from Wellesley, where four or five were seen on October 28 by L. Gardler.

A flock of about a hundred SNOW BUNTINGS was observed on November 1 at Scituate by Sibley Higginbotham and Mrs. Ruth P. Emery.

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Field Notes

DICKCISSELS have been reported from a number of places during October and November. Several members have had them at their feeders for a week or more at a time. Other birds have been seen on field trips.

Ever since late summer or early autumn the staff at Audubon House has been bombarded with questions about the strange birds seen in the trees of the Boston Public Garden near Beacon Street and Brimmer. "Big as a football" was one description, and an observer was overheard describing them as "standing like an owl but with a crane's bill," from which he diagnosed them as "half owl, half crane." They are, of course, BLACK-CROWNED NIGHT HERONS, all young birds of the 1952 crop, harmless hunters of small minnows, frogs, and other water creatures.

Mrs. Elizabeth Romaine writes: "On November 6 and 7 I found at the Lakeville ponds REDHEADS, RING-NECKS, and two female CANVAS-BACKS, and on the 7th a female RUDDY also. All three MEGANSERS have been in, and of course many others. A WILSON'S SNIPE was noted on the 4th at the Pumping Station, and, what pleased me most, a LEAST BITTERN (this in Middleboro). A real flock, about twenty-five, of FOX SPARROWS in Middleboro on November 5, and on the 7th a SHARP-SHINNED HAWK. Birding is good."

Davis H. Crompton includes in his mammal list for October in Massachusetts an OTTER at Dana on the 21st; a RED FOX at the same place and the same time; a PORCUPINE at Dana on the 26th; one WHITE-TAILED DEER at Dana on the 21st and three on the 26th. We should like more field notes on mammals or on other forms of wildlife, for our readers' interests are widely varied. What is the earliest flower of spring? Skunk Cabbage? Pussy Willow? or the lowly Chickweed which blossoms every month of the year? What are your early and late dates for Chipmunk and Woodchuck? Who will report the first Mourning Cloak butterfly?

Many land bird migrants were reported the week end of October 23-26, when hundreds of PINE SISKINS, JUNCOS, TREE SPARROWS, and WHITE-THROATED SPARROWS poured in from the north.

A CURLEW SANDPIPER has been reported from the Newburyport area several times this fall, and one was seen there as late as October 27 and 28 by various observers.

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Field Notes

Two HUDSONIAN GODWITS were present at Newburyport from October 15 to 31. One bird had a dangling leg and the other a stump.

An immature FRANLKIN'S GULL was first seen in Newburyport on October 16 by Mrs. Clara deWindt and Mrs. David Searle. It was again seen on October 30 by Ludlow Griscom and party, and several birders watched it at the Yacht Club on November 1 and 2.

Raymond J. Middleton, President of the Norristown (Penna.) Audubon Society and one of the most active bird-banders in the country, writes that "there is a tremendous flight of MYRTLE WARBLERS in our area, never had such flocks of them before, have banded 78 of them, have seen them in a fairly wide area around us also in flocks." And he adds an interesting botanical item, "The coloring at Valley Forge is better than I ever saw it before, nearly all the dogwoods around here have brilliant red, brighter than we get as a rule, and with the bright yellow of the tall tulip trees there makes one of the finest pictures I have ever seen."

A flock of one hundred PINE SISKINS was reported seen in Winchester on November 4 by Mrs. H. K. Fitts. Two RED-POLLS were also seen on the 4th by Mrs. Fitts.

Robert L. Grayce reported fourteen to sixteen REDPOLLS at Rockport on November 1, also ten PINE GROSBEAKS.

The Greater (?) SNOW GOOSE reported at Musquashiat Pond, North Scituate, November 1, by Mrs. Lawrence B. Romaine, was still present, offshore at Minot, on November 8, as observed by Thomas Gormley, of Cohasset, and on November 9 by Philip Halliwell, of Milton. It was with a small flock of CANADA GEESE.

Philip Halliwell noted a flock of about forty PINE SISKINS at Milton on November 10.

Mrs. Elizabeth B. Hough, of Martha's Vineyard, reports that there was an extremely large flight of WOODCOCK on the island, arriving October 18 and remaining there two or three days. She also has observed a MOCKINGBIRD at her bird-bath, beginning October 24. This is another locality reporting an unusually large flight of Juncos this autumn.

Davis Crompton reports a SHOVELLER seen at Pittsfield on October 9.

A NORTHERN SHRIKE was seen in South Egremont on October 24 by Professor Samuel A. Eliot and Davis Crompton.

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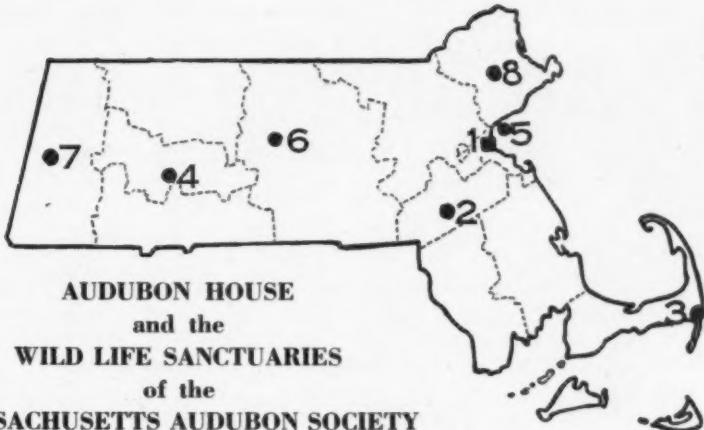
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